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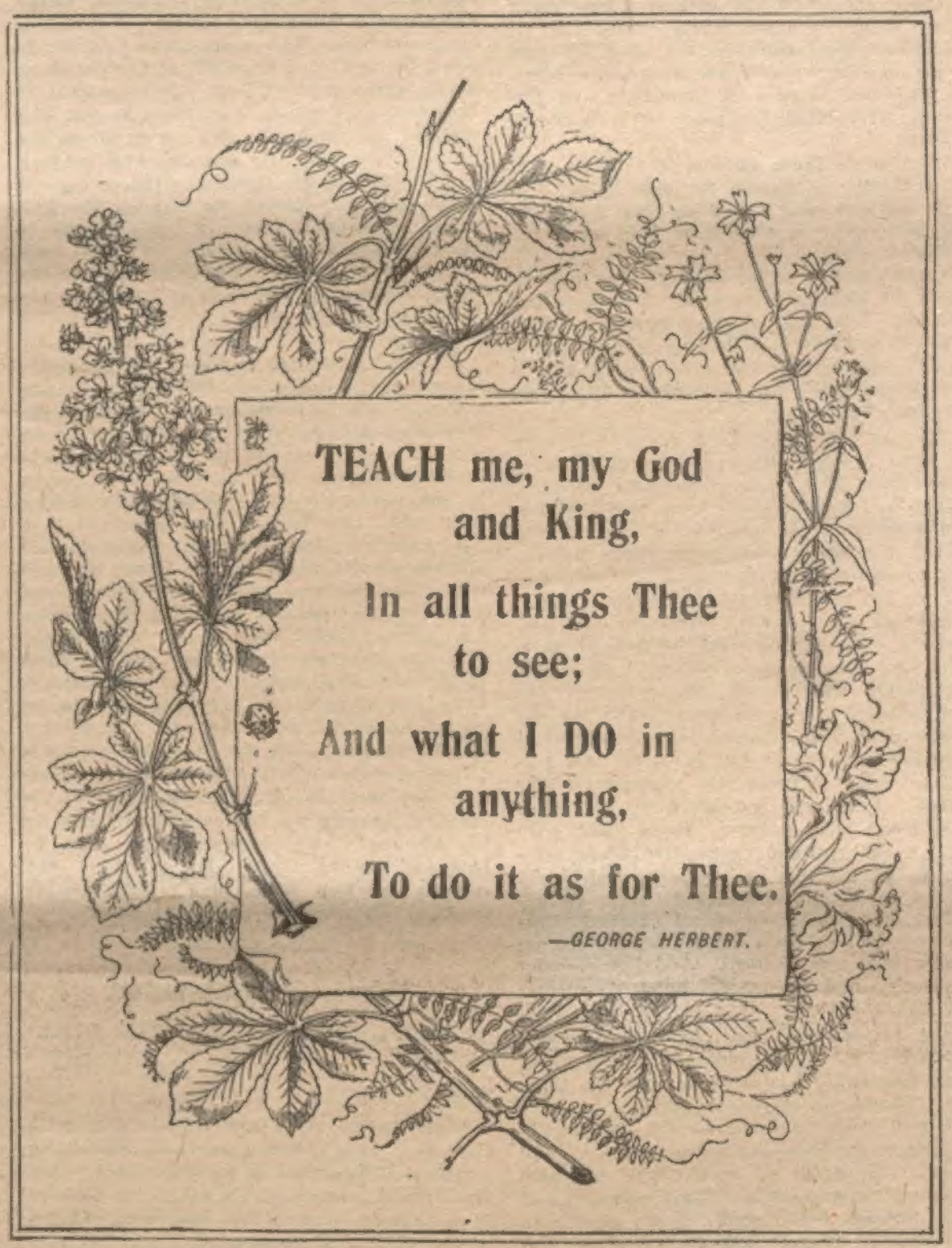
'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

## The Beauty of Death.

If there is one thing especially of which many people cannot possibly believe that, under any circumstances, it would seem beautiful, I suppose it must mean death. That must always be dreadful. Men seldom see any misery in life so great as to outweigh the misery of leaving it. But yet it comes to all of us, that he who made death made it, like all things else, to be beautiful in his time. When a life has lived its days but in happiness, grown old with constantly accumulating joys, and then, at last, before decay has touched it, or the grounds soften under its feet, the door opens, and it enters into the new youth of eternity; when a young man has tried his powers here and dedicated them to God, and then is called to the full use of their perfected strength in the very presence of the God whom he has loved; when a man has lived for his brethren, and the time comes that his life cannot help them any longer, but his death can put life into dead truths, and send enthusiasm into fainting hearts; when death comes as a rest to a man who is tired with a long fight, or as victory to a man who leaves his enemies baffled behind him on the shore of time—in all these times, is not death beautiful? 'Nothing in all his life became this man like 'eaving it,' they said of one who died.—Phillips Brooks.




—The 'Adviser.'

## Keep Steadily at Your Work.

(Rev. W. A. Quayle, D.D., from 'Eternity of the Heart.')

It may be the last year of your life. Time is hurried—I take my hour glass and put it down before me many an hour just to see that time is in a hurry and won't stop. The yellow sand from off some tawny desert, runs down—nothing can stop it, runs down, a few grains at a time, persistent as the unsealed glacier in its onward movement, and as certain as the rush of the great sea—going, going, till at last, every grain has seeped out, and the bulb above is empty and the bulb below is full. We haven't much time. How old are you? Wasn't it only the other day you were married, and cast your first vote? For whom did you cast your first vote? 'Why,' you say, 'let me see, why I remember now, I cast my first vote for ——.' Did you? Well —— has been dead a long time. O, you old chap! Getting old? Yes. Don't feel it? No. You say, 'I feel as vigorous as ever I did.' Hear me! You AREN'T. Time is going to stop pretty soon for you. How long are you going to live? What's a hundred years. You cannot stay here long, you have got to go quickly; pretty soon you will be gone, and your hands will have rest for a million years. Get tired while you are here. Work hard. Don't whine because you have to work. Thank God you have the chance to do it. Be so honorable in the world's industry, and so eager to serve, that you will covet the hours you sleep. Work, work! Hurry up! Don't wait. Don't waste time. Don't do things you will have to undo. Keep at your work and do it right. Keep at it six days in the week. Pretty soon it will be time to stop; and God will come by and say, 'Quit work,' and you will say, 'It is not night,' and he says, 'Quit work,' and you say, 'It is only two o'clock; I have only just begun for the afternoon.' And he says, 'Quit work;' and you say, 'Master, it is not sundown yet, may I not work till night?' and he says, 'Quit work;' and you lay down your hammer on the anvil, with your hand black with the grime of the smithy, and you will go out with him, and he will say to you, 'It is time to quit work;' and you will say, 'Will I be back in the morning?' and he will say, 'No, not in the morning;' and you will say, 'Will I be back to-morrow?' 'No, not to-morrow;' and you will say, 'Will I be back day after to-morrow?' and he will say, 'No, not day after to-morrow;' and you will say, 'Will I be back this week?' and he will say, 'No, not this week;' and you will say, 'Will I be back week after next?' 'No, not week after next;' and he leads you past your own door; and you will say, 'Here is where I live;' and he says, 'Let us go a little further;' and you will say, 'Will I be back soon? There is a little baby in the cradle, and my wife sits beside the cradle;' and he says, 'You cannot come back to-night;' and you will say, 'Where are you taking me?' And he will say, 'I am taking you to a land very far off, and from whose "bourne no traveller returns."' And you say, 'Cannot I go back and only kiss my baby's lips, and kiss my wife's cheek and tell her how I love her and how sorry I am I was unkind to her?' and he says 'Come along. This is the way.' And you say, 'Can't I go back once?' 'NO.' And somehow there is a little sternness in his voice, but you say, 'I MUST go back a minute, only a minute, just once, to tell'—and he says, 'COME ON'—O, who is it? It is the Master, Death. You cannot go back—not for a minute, no. You might just as well ask for a century as for a minute; and you will go past your own door, and out through the street, and beyond the city gate, and out into lanes you never trod before, and suddenly, it will be pitch dark, and Death will be gone, and you will be in the silence where you can hear the blood beat around

your temples like the flow of a rushing river, ALL ALONE. Pray God when you get there that Christ be with you lest you die of solitude. Amen.

## The Tent-maker's Suggestion.

In a Bible class in a suburban church there is a manufacturer of tents, who sometimes says of himself that he resembles the Apostle Paul in his occupation, but in little else.

Those who know him best have seen many things which convince them that the resemblance goes much further than his own modest estimate; and one suggestion which he made has borne such immediate and permanent fruit that the story of it is worth telling.

Some years ago a mission in the city near by sent out an appeal for sick babies and their mothers, and the Bible class of which the tent-maker is a member was asked for a contribution.

Something more than money was needed. Fresh air and sunshine were even more important. The tent-maker suggested that a camp of mothers and children be established in the edge of the town, and cared for by the townspeople. He offered to supply tents for the undertaking.

The plan was adopted. A dozen tents were set up, and fitted with simple conveniences for home life. Water and milk were provided. Bakers and grocers made their contributions, and every day the women of the suburb visited the camp with good things to eat and wear, and with friendship and advice.

Year by year the enterprise grew, till a number of churches were interested in it, and assumed responsibility week by week in turn.

In time the enterprise outgrew its simple beginnings. The vacant lots which it had first occupied came into market, and the size of the undertaking passed the limitations of volunteer assistance; but it was not permitted to die. A permanent organization was formed. Land was purchased on the bank of a river, with natural shade and pure water. The railroads gave free transportation to all mothers and children and workers. A great dairy furnished milk in unlimited quantities, free of all expense. Cottages as well as tents were erected. An assembly-room was planned. And last summer the camp cared for several hundred mothers and sick children.

Still better, the idea has been copied elsewhere. In several places the very name, 'Camp Goodwill,' has been adopted by these also. Thousands of pale little children have developed roses in their cheeks; thousands of anxious mothers have been cheered and blessed. Hundreds of people who are able to take summer vacations for themselves and their families first send their checks to help provide summer outings for those who sorely need and otherwise could not possibly enjoy them.

Great things grow from small beginnings. The suggestion of the tent-maker has resulted in the giving of many cups of cold water, and of pure, sweet milk, to thousands of the little ones whom Jesus loved. And in addition to the material good which it has accomplished, the loving thought which prompted the enterprise has been a new revelation of the true spirit of Christianity to many a family hardened by misfortune and in need of human love and sympathy.—'Youth's Companion.'

## Religious News.

Wu Ting Fang recently spoke as follows before a large audience:

"The mere mentioning of this subject—"The Awakening of China"—is sufficient to make my countrymen thrill with pleasure and flush with pride. There are many forces, some of which have been working quietly, but none the less effectively, for years, to which this awakening may be ascribed, but want of time does not permit me to mention more than a few nor to dwell on them at great length. First and foremost is the spread of education, and by that I mean the diffusion of general knowledge—knowledge of men and of affairs of the world. Nor must I omit to mention the services of the missionary body, particularly the American branch of it, whose indefatigable efforts in the establishment of educational institutions and in the diffusion of literature of general knowledge formed part of the leaven which has leavened the whole empire of China.'

From a sketch of the Mexico mission, prepared by Rev. A. T. Graybill, we learn that during the Mexican war two American officers left a Bible with a young married woman living in a Mexican hut about thirty miles above Matamoros, which resulted in her conversion. This woman was the first to greet Dr. and Mrs. Graybill, of the Southern Presbyterian mission, on their arrival in Matamoros. Her son, a barroom keeper, was engaged to teach the new missionaries the Spanish language. He was the first convert, and by inviting his friends to the cottage of the missionaries opened the way for the first actual missionary work of this church in Mexico. The barroom boy is now the well-known Rev. Leandro Garza Mora, one of the most remarkably used men in preaching the Gospel in that country.

All who have been engaged in the battle against the opium traffic will rejoice at the action of the government in accepting the motion of Mr. Johnson regarding the opium dens in our crown colonies and the trade in opium generally. This battle has been fought for many weary years, and at length victory is in sight. Sir Edward Grey admitted that the persistent and strenuous expression of opinion on the matter in the House of Commons has had real effect. The unequivocal speech of the under-secretary for the colonies was most hopeful, and there is no doubt that the government, having put its hand to the plow, will not turn back. The Hongkong and Ceylon opium dens are to be closed forthwith, while an end will shortly be put to the whole traffic. The most humiliating sentence in the speech of the under-secretary was that in which he spoke of his country 'keeping up to the standard set by the Chinese.' But surely it was ours to lead and not to follow. For all that, the end has now been gained, and for this we are devoutly thankful.—London 'Christian.'

## Work in Labrador.

A THEFT, THE MAIL AND THE DEER.

May 12, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Never before since my acquaintance with this coast have we had anything resembling a felony as practised in more civilized parts. We were all astounded the other day to hear of a solitary store which had been entered in the night. Three specially selected constables, though we had no badge of office to supply them with, found no more difficulty in following the trail to a certain house than they would that of a jack-rabbit or an old stag. Still it was with no little surprise that we viewed our trappers coming home with their prey only two days later, as if from a successful fur hunt. Moreover, they had brought over the robbers in a frame of mind which made a just judgment easy, owing to their absolute confession of guilt. Indeed, we had only one trouble, and that was that our jail had never been used except as a club-house, and was never provided with those little conveniences necessary for the accommodation of prisoners. We were simply obliged, therefore, to let them go for a couple of days on their promise to return after that period (which they faithfully kept), to a bunk house which we fitted up temporarily for them near the hospital. Since that time they have been able to earn their lodging and the exceedingly Spartan board permitted by the law by the simple process of working it out. For on this disciplinary element depends daily the quantity and variety of sustenance afforded them, an appeal which has apparently considerable force on their minds. We still cherish the hope that it was only the boys' freak they claim it was. For the whole shore would feel disgraced if we had to believe that a single one of us was a thief and a robber.

Feeling as we naturally must here that we were still deep in winter, it was a great pleasure to see a large schooner with a free sheet air into the recently opened mouth of our harbor, and bring up off the ice edge. Her crew found a warm welcome from a crowd eager to hear the latest news, which I need scarcely remark was not as recent as you consider it necessary to have it in the south. When aggregated into bundles of a full month's printing the periodicals looked impressive enough to lure any man to devote the time to study them. But when we heard that some ducks were flying on the outside we agreed to defer that pleasure to a more convenient season which time has not yet arrived. One thing, however, was of importance, and that was that on board was a close friend of a poor young mother left to our care in the fall, blind and agonized from a growing tumor in the brain. We had recently found it necessary to give her relief by operative measures, and not only was the visitor from home a bearer of great joy, and consequently of help to our poor patient, but we were also able to sends news to the husband of the progress of the woman that he loved. Scarcely had the schooner passed the heads on her way out to hunt for seals in the more northern floes than once again the heavy ice filled the harbor, and as now I write on May 12, not even a sealing steamer could pound her way through it.

On all sides one hears regrets that the winter has nearly gone. Even our dogs look reproachfully at us for not affording them the joys of service which they appreciate so much more, alas, than many human beings ever learn to do with all their boasted Christianity. For one thing, however, we are deeply grateful. The tops of all the hills are coming through the snow, and the abundant luxuriant Iceland moss is affording our reindeer a possibility of being in good condition for the trials of the fawning season. Naturally enough the rotting snow makes travelling difficult, and both Lapps and Europeans find the long journeys after the wandering herds formerly so easy to accomplish on skis, a task that now can scarcely be classified as 'the trivial round.' But there again nature tends to even things up, and as now moss, rich and plentiful, is to be found everywhere, the deer are less liable to wander far from camp. This reacts again in a still more important direction than that of saving the legs of the herders, for the sinking into deep holes through the treacherous snow and the falling through rotten ice into swollen brooks, is a serious menace to expectant mothers. One dead fawn was thrown on the last day of April, probably the result of dogs stampeding the herd. The carcass of one young deer partly eaten by dogs was found near the camp, but otherwise the herd appears to be intact and in good order. The new antlers of the dehorned stags are shooting up apace, and the animals themselves are rapidly assuming an appearance more consonant with one's ideas of the dignity and beauty of stagdom.

Since writing the above our chief herder has just come in with the most joyful news that the first live fawn has been born. He describes it as being as large as a horse, as red as a fox, and barking like a hoarse puppy. It seems as nimble already as its mother, and showed little or no fear of man.

W. T. GRENFELL.

## Acknowledgments.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY AUGUST 2, 1908.

## David Anointed at Bethlehem

I. Sam. xvi., 1-13. Memory verses 11, 12. Read I. Sam. xvi.

## Golden Text.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. I. Sam. xvi., 17.

## Home Readings.

Monday, July 27.—I. Sam. xvi., 1-13.
Tuesday, July 28.—I. Sam. xvi., 14-23.
Wednesday, July 29.—Ruth i., 1-22.
Thursday, July 30.—Ruth iv., 1-22.
Friday, July 31.—Acts xiii., 16-31.
Saturday, August 1.—Ps. lxxxix., 1-26.
Sunday, August 2.—Ps. lxxxix., 27-52.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can tell me the name of the little town in Palestine where Christ was born? Bethlehem, of course. Although Bethlehem was only a little town, it was very old even when Jesus was born there, and in our lesson to-day we learn about something that happened there and some people that lived there a thousand years before Christ came to earth. All of you, of course, have heard about the great tercentenary celebration at Quebec in honor of the city's being three hundred years old. That seems a long time, but more than three times three hundred go to make a thousand. Why, even a half of a thousand years ago people did not know anything about America. All this continent was undiscovered then, so a thousand years is a long time, and lots of things can happen in that time. Nothing much had happened to make Bethlehem very different, though. It was a little town when Jesus was born there, and the shepherds used to take care of their sheep on the hills around, as we all know, and a thousand years before that, as our lesson for to-day shows, it was just a little town where shepherds lived and cared for their sheep on the hills around. One of these shepherds was a young boy named David. His father was not poor, but he had a big family of boys, eight sons, and David was the youngest, so perhaps that was why he was looking after the sheep. His three eldest brothers were soldiers (Chap. xvii., 13), and belonged to Saul's army, but they were all at home one day when Samuel came to visit Bethlehem. Samuel had come on a very important errand. You know how we have learnt that Saul was made king and did not obey God, so God told Samuel to anoint another king over Israel, and told him that he would find this other king in the little town of Bethlehem.

FOR THE SENIORS.

To-day's lesson, following evidently at some short lapse of time on last Sunday's, starts out with one of the incidents that cause some little difficulty to some Bible students. Samuel with one object paramount in his own mind makes a visit to Bethlehem, announcing only a secondary object as his reason. That is, he told no untruth, but he did not tell the whole truth, as that would have been unwise. It was a custom for him to regularly visit the towns in a certain circuit from Ramah (Chap. vii., 16) before the days of the kingdom, but, apparently, he had drawn much into seclusion after God's rejection of Saul, so that his coming appears to have caused the town elders some misgiving on account of its now unusual character, or perhaps, owing to Samuel's break with Saul, they feared that to welcome him would displease the king. That might be the meaning of their question—'Does your coming mean peace to the town, or will it involve us in trouble?' However, their evident trepidation gives justification for Samuel's concealment of his real object. Further, we have no record that Samuel told anyone what the anointing really did mean, although Josephus records a tradition that he whispered it's purport to David, so that this is really a keeping of his own counsel rather than a deception in any sense of the word. It was enough that David should realize that God had a special purpose for him, that his life henceforth was devoted to God, in whatever way the future should reveal. This it was necessary to impress on him at once in order that he might live accordingly; any premature avowal of God's purpose could only have done harm. Not to tell what is in your thought and intention is not deception, and to volunteer the whole truth where other people's affairs are concerned has been often called by an ugly name. Had Samuel said, 'I have come to anoint a successor to Saul,' he would have involved the whole town in trouble, unless, as is very likely, the town elders had flatly refused to allow him to convene an assembly for any such treasonable purpose.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

There are impertinent inquiries made; your rule is, to leave the inquirer uninformed on that matter; not, if you can help it, misinformed, but precisely as dark as he was! He that cannot withal keep his mind to himself cannot practice any considerable thing whatever. And we call it dissimulation, all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier who pleased to put the question, his thoughts about everything?—Thomas Carlyle, 'Heroes and Hero-Worship.'

David was the son of Jesse, the grandson of Obed, the great grandson of Boaz. From his great grandmother Ruth, the Moabitess, and his ancestress Rahab of Jericho, there was alien blood in his veins. 'It required three generations for the descendants of aliens to become members of Israel, and thus David could be reckoned a full Jew, though his father still stood in a measure outside the congregation;' says Dr. Geikie, 'the family seems to have been, as it were, the feudal lord of the village and the district round it, for the elders of the country appear at the yearly feast of Jesse's household, and David in after years gave a grant of land in the neighborhood, as if his own right, to the son of his friend Barzillai.'

Verse 7. When Lord John Russell was Prime Minister of England he went to a telegraph office in a small village to send a message. The clerk saw only a little, old man in a great coat and rudely flung his message back to him saying, 'Here, put your own name on it; it is a pity your master does not know how to send a telegram.' The telegraph operator's eye saw only the great coat which he took to be that of a servant: 'God's eye,' says Jean Muckrose, 'sees only the man inside o' the claithes.'

Size is not strength; reputation is not character; outward success is not God's gauge.—M. D. Babcock.

Verse 11. The great consecrations of life are apt to come suddenly without warning: while we are patiently and faithfully keeping sheep in the wilderness, the messenger is journeying toward us with the vial of sacred oil to make us kings.—Saxe Holm.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Home Training. It was by a faithful use of all his home advantages that it was possible for David to fulfil his mission.

1. His psalms show that he studied the scriptures, and held close communion with God.

2. They also show that he was receptive and studious of the influences of nature.

3. It was by the strength and activity gained in doing his best as a shepherd that he was enabled to meet Goliath and do many of the deeds of daring which gave him power as king.

4. He spent his leisure hours in practising music. This early faithfulness was one step by which he came to the court of Saul, and enabled him to organize orchestras and choirs for the service of God, and to become the author of a wonderful development of music as an aid to worship.

5. His culture of his poetic talent led to the first great hymn book; a new and original unfolding of the power of song in worship. Much of his usefulness in all ages would have been lost had he neglected this talent.

6. His practise with the sling, in order that he might be the best defender of his flocks against wild beasts and robbers, prepared him for his great battle with Goliath—a necessary step in his way to the throne.

7. All his faithfulness to his daily duties developed courage, skill, carefulness, business ability, power to govern, knowledge of daily life.

## Bible References.

Psa. lxxviii., 70-72; I. Chron. xxviii., 9; Luke xvi., 15; Psa. cxlvii., 10, 11; Isa. lv., 8, 9; Psa. cxxxix., 23, 24; Jer. xvii., 10.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 2.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. VII. How can we serve the church? Ps. lxxxiv. (Consecration meeting.)

## C. E. Topic.

Monday, July 27.—Jesus in Zacchaeus's home. Luke xix., 1-10.

Tuesday, July 28.—Jesus in the Emmaus home. Luke xxiv., 28-32.

Wednesday, July 29.—Jesus in Peter's home. Matt. viii., 14, 15.

Thursday, July 30.—Jesus in Matthew's home. Mark ii., 14-17.

Friday, July 31.—Jesus in Simon's home. Luke vii., 36-50.

Saturday, August 1.—Jesus in Lazarus's home. John xii., 1-9.

Sunday, August 2.—Topic—A home that Jesus loved. Luke x., 38-42; John xi., 5. (Consecration meeting.)

## Suggestions.

Praise children who come on hot and stormy days.

Dear superintendent, don't talk everlastingly.

Be a sermon in shoes to the members of your class.

A boy's choir can be made a valuable feature in any school.

Have a committee to look up the absentees, a live, working committee.

It takes a teacher with life and vigor to hold the attention of the boys.

The teachers' meeting is a great, big necessity with every successful school.

Mr. Superintendent, do not use ten minutes making your announcements.

Large movable screens set up between classes are a good substitute for needed classrooms.

Remember that the soft spot in a child is the feelings. You can win him by playing on that string.

Deal much in stories to illustrate the points in the lesson.

Normal work should be carefully conducted. A good way is to give half an hour at the teachers' meeting to it.

Long-winded, goody goody speeches after a long lesson make the children feel as if they were sitting on pins.

A few verses to learn will be a great blessing to your pupils. It is a good thing to have a good many of the Bible's golden nuggets hid in one's heart.—'Epworth Herald.'

## Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

# The Eastroyds and the Murwoods

BY SARAH SELINA HAMER, IN THE 'ALLIANCE NEWS.'

Chapter IV.—Continued. A Desperate Remedy.

'If thou doesn't get killed or lammed some day my name's not Nancy Shackleton,' said Tommy's mother. 'Niver thee thry to climb a tree again till's thou's bigger. Tha'd better lose twenty caps ner break thy neck. Away wi' thee to t' pump trough, an' wesh thy face, afore I slap thee. Eh, aren't childer a torment?' she sighed, as Tommy disappeared.

Chapter V.—The New Vicar.

Rumor with regard to the Murwoods, as reported in our last chapter, was right. Indeed in this instance it fell far short of the truth. The more the senior member of the firm looked into things the worse he found them. He had trusted his brother implicitly in his working of the mercantile branch, and absorbed in his own part of the business, viz., the manufacturing, and distracted, too, by his domestic concerns, he had neglected to obtain a clear understanding as to the position of affairs. A separate banking account for the Baleborough warehouse had greatly facilitated Mark Murwood's speculative tendencies. A transaction or two on the stock exchange, entered into when under the influence of drink, had proved to be of so foolish a nature, and had involved such heavy loss, that in order to retrieve the monetary deficit the young man had been tempted to other ventures, some successful, but more the reverse; and at length had come a crisis. He had greatly overdrawn his banking account, and the bankers refused any further advance. The note to this effect had accidentally fallen into his brother's hands, though, of course, the truth must eventually have come to light, and with no previous preparation Matthew Murwood suddenly found the firm—the oldest in Clapperton, and amongst the most respected in Baleborough—on the verge of ruin. For a long time the profits on the manufactures had been very small; sometimes, in fact, the mills had been worked at an absolute loss. There was, in consequence, no balance at the Clapperton Bank to meet the debt at the one at Baleborough. Possibly if trade had just then been prosperous the difficulty might have been tided over; but it was bad, and threatened to be worse, and there was no course open but to make some arrangement with the creditors. And one fine morning all Clapperton rang with the news that 'Murwood's Mills' were stopped; that the firm had, in fact, 'failed.' The 'hands' stood in groups about the streets discussing the situation; the shopkeepers, with whom said 'hands' traded, pulled long faces at the recollection of book debts, or at the prospect of such; and the general public said it was a pity, or that 'They had suspected all was not right for some time;' and the like. But few sounded the true note, viz., that drink was at the bottom of it.

In the existing state of the markets it would have been the extreme of folly for the creditors to have broken up the concern, and to have attempted to sell the mills and machinery. They therefore very wisely accepted a composition of 7s. in the pound, to be paid in two instalments, and the mills were soon running again. But in order to pay even this, and to provide working capital, the property had to be heavily mortgaged; West Moor House, indeed, to be parted with altogether.

The latter was not an unmitigated evil, Ellen Murwood's friends said. It would be better for her, they thought, on her return to Clapperton, to come to a home free from painful associations. How she would bear, however, to dwell in what was by comparison a mere cottage it was difficult to determine.

'Ellen Murwood can never live in a pokey place like this!' said Mrs. Edward Eastroyd, turning up her nose, and gazing about her.

The house had just been taken; it was on the Brameld Road, and on her way to see her sister Annie she had to pass it. As it happened Lucy was there, superintending the arrangements of the furniture, and Annie, seeing her through the window, had called in.

'I think it can be made very comfortable,' said Lucy, 'though of course she will find the rooms small.'

'Small—I should think so!' exclaimed Annie. 'And all the best of the furniture sold, too——'

'Well, you know,' said Lucy quietly, 'it cannot be helped. Others must always suffer for wrongdoing, besides the wrongdoer. And——'

'Don't begin to preach,' cried Annie; 'or if you do talk to the men. You may pitch into my husband now as much as you like, Lucy; for if he doesn't bring us to ruin it won't be his fault. I'm just about sick of his goings on, and I'm not going to screen him or stand by him any more. I don't know what a man wants with a wife,' added Annie bitterly, 'who spends all his days at the "White Hart."'

'Oh, I am so sorry,' said Lucy, sympathetically. She was too generous to say 'I told you so,' 'I warned you how it would be.' But she could not help recalling her futile efforts to save her sister from the fate she had so well foreseen, and she could gauge to some extent what she must be suffering, to have wrung from her what she had just said.

'As for his temper,' went on Annie, 'it gets more brutal every day, I do think.'

'I wish I could do something,' said Lucy compassionately.

'You may wish, but you needn't hope,' said Annie, with exceeding bitterness. 'And I shouldn't advise you to try, though I said you might. You would, as likely as not, only be insulted.'

'But, Annie, he is killing himself; Arthur says so,' said Lucy, gravely.

'Well, the sooner the better, as he is bent upon it,' said Annie, with a callousness which shocked Lucy.

'Oh, Annie, how can you talk so!' she expostulated. 'Though you have forbidden me ever to mention it again I must ask you once more to use the influence of personal example. His affection for you cannot be quite dead, and——'

'It's as dead as Queen Anne,' said Annie; 'it is drowned in wine and spirits. The course you mention would not be of the slightest use.'

'Then for your own sake, Annie,' pleaded Lucy.

For my own sake, I shall just go on and take what I feel I require,' said Annie, with her usual inborn obstinacy.

Lucy sighed. It was not of the slightest use apparently to speak to Annie on these subjects, and as regarded her husband there was little doubt that Annie was right. Edward Eastroyd's habits were too firmly fixed ever to be changed. The fatal mistake her sister had made was the linking her fortunes with his.

'I suppose,' said Annie, changing the subject, and reverting to Mrs. Murwood, 'I suppose Ellen will only keep two servants here?'

'Only one,' said Lucy. 'The nurse is going to turn maid-of-all-work, and Ellen will attend to the children herself chiefly.'

'Dear me, what a change!' exclaimed Annie.

'It will be a good thing for her, I fancy, to have plenty of occupation,' said Lucy. 'And being so near I shall be able to help her in many ways; and Nancy (Nancy was Lucy's nurse) can often take the children out along with baby, you know.'

'How is baby?' asked Annie, in a tone of voice which betrayed something of the longing and envy she felt.

'Oh splendid!' said Lucy. 'Why here she is, the darling,' Nancy with her charge at that moment being seen walking up the little garden path.

And very soon the little one was being kissed and fondled by mother and aunt with almost equal fervor. For if Annie Eastroyd had a soft spot in her heart it was for Lucy's baby. Another woman, too, who had occasion to come into the room took baby for a minute or two, and regarded it as a great privilege. This was poor Nanny Harris, though you would scarcely have known her. The operation upon her face had greatly disfigured it, and she looked pale and thin. Partly from gratitude—for the doctor and Lucy, also Mrs. Murwood, had been very good to her all along—and partly because of being in debt, through Joe's drinking habits, she was glad to earn a little money, Nanny had come to Beech Cottage to clean it and get it in order. Just now she was the subject both of hope and anxiety about her husband, for he had at length been induced to become a probationer at the Abstainers' Club. If he should become a full member, and continue to be so, what a difference it would make to her life. She herself had for a considerable time now been connected with the Women and Girls' Union, and so had done her best to influence her husband by her example.

To the great joy of the Temperance section of the community the new Vicar of Clapperton—the late vicar, an aged man, had recently died—had allied himself with them, and was doing good work. One night he had come upon Joe Harris lying helpless in a gutter; he had helped him up, and had taken him home. Joe was not nearly so drunken this particular night as he often was, but he had reeled in an unfortunate place and manner, and in falling had hurt his foot. He knew the Vicar quite well, and had the grace both to be ashamed of himself and to be grateful to his helper. When he expressed his gratitude the clergyman said that the best thanks he—Joe—could give him would be to make up his mind that such an accident should not happen again; at any rate, from the same cause. Joe had promised to consider it, and when another day the Vicar had met him, and had affectionately pointed out to him that he might some time in his cups—not knowing what he did—again injure his long-suffering wife, Joe put on his studying cap still more firmly.

'Who towld yo' about that, sir?' he asked. 'Not Nancy, I'm sure.'

'No, indeed,' said Mr. Vincent, for such was the Vicar's name. 'It was Dr. Hasleham, who had it from Mrs. Hasleham. But your wife had been loth to tell, I understand, and had screened you all she could, saying what a good husband you were when you were not in drink. Don't you think,' added the Vicar, gently and wisely appealing to the man's better nature, 'don't you think that you ought to reward your good wife's patience and forbearance by a complete reformation? And if only to put it out of your power ever to injure her again I would strongly urge it; for in your sober senses you never would do that, I am certain.'

'God knows I wouldn't,' said Joe, earnestly.

And thus had come about Joe's probationship, which fortunately ended, I may as well say here, in his becoming a full member of the Abstinence Club.

In another way the new Vicar and his wife, too, were using their influence for good. They made it easier for halting ones in their own social position to take a firmer stand. One or two families who had this dreadful strain of evil in their midst, but who had hitherto lacked the moral courage to banish its cause from their homes, now, with the Vicar's example and support, ventured to do so. And Matthew Murwood, who, much against his inclination, felt bound in the recollection of his past experience to begin his new housekeeping on an entirely new basis as regarded alcohol, felt, though he would hardly have acknowledged it to himself, considerable moral support in the fact that the new Vicar was an abstainer. Mr. Vincent, though not actualy a relation of the Murwoods, was a distant family connection, and this fact, together with the Murwoods' misfortunes, just as he had come into the parish, had caused the Vicar to take a special interest in them. About Mrs. Murwood he had heard a great deal of gossip. Of her present whereabouts he had a very shrewd guess.

(To be continued.)

# Correspondence

JENNIE'S FRIGHT.

'Jennie!' came a loud, though motherly voice, 'Put your coat and hat on, and take this note over to Mrs. Dolph's.'

Jennie obeyed, although she rather disliked the thought of going two miles through a thick forest alone, at four o'clock, for the nights closed in very early, as it was fall then. Her aunt was rather severe, however, so she did not say that she felt afraid, but started out on her dreaded journey.

Jennie was a delicate child of ten years, and as her father and mother had died of a terrible fever, Jennie had been brought up by her aunt.

Mrs. Kane lived near a forest, two miles from any other settler, so lived a lonely life, with only Jennie as her companion.

As Jennie left her aunt's house, Mrs. Kane told her not to stay, or some wild animal would certainly eat her, but Jennie was very cold when she arrived at her destination, so sat down at the stove listening to Mrs. Dolph's exciting stories until she heard the clock strike six. Then she got up and started for home. Mrs. Dolph urged that it was not safe, as it would soon be getting dark, but Jennie opened the door and said she would run all the way and not be frightened.

Jennie ran, never heeding little sounds of dry leaves crackling, till at last right behind her, coming at full speed, was a great ugly boar with a hungry look, as though he would like to eat her for his tea. She picked up a large stick and kept waving it back and forth, the bear just waiting for his chance, until she was almost forced to drop it, when she saw a light coming through the trees, and in an instant a large dog was on the bear, and after a desperate struggle brave Carlo had killed her enemy.

Mrs. Kane soon came up with a lantern and carried the little girl home in her arms.

Jennie always remembers how glad she was to see her aunt coming along the path, how nice it felt to lie in her strong arms, and to be covered by her snugly in bed to dream only pleasant dreams.

JEAN BARLOW, N. L., Ont.

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B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, but as I enjoy reading the letters of the other girls and boys, I think I will write too. I am a little girl of ten years old, and I live with my papa in B——. Mamma died three years ago, and we miss her very much. My papa is an artist. He painted a portrait of mother a year before she died, and it looks very much like her. It hangs in the dining-room, where we can see it all the time. I love to sit in papa's studio and watch him paint. He is going to paint my portrait soon. I do not go to school, but I have a governess, who gives me lessons two hours every morning. I study French and music, and when I am older I shall study German, but papa says it is too hard for me yet. I like to read very much, and as I have no brothers and sisters, I read more than I play. My papa went to Germany last fall, but as I was ill I could not go with him. He is going again this year, though, and to France, too, and I am going with him.

EDITH I.

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B., N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen a letter from Blackville in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one. I am a little girl nine years old. We live on the road going to the station. Blackville is a pretty place. My papa and brother work on the Restigouche River. I have one sister and one brother at home, and I have one sister married.

BIRDIE B.

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S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—One of our horses kicked at a fork and hurt his leg a few months ago and he is somewhat lame yet. One night, some few years ago, we heard our chickens cackling and knew someone must be at them. My father and brother were away at that time, and mother, my sister and I were left alone. Mother got up and called to them to leave the chickens alone. Soon we heard them running on the stones at the side of the canal. We went to the hencoop and only a hen and a rooster were left, but when we called them they all came together again. The thieves were so frightened that they had let them drop when they heard us calling.

MYRTLE G. SIDER.

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C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet lamb, but it is sick just now. I hope it will be better soon. We have a nice little colt. I named him Prince. We live a mile from Castleton, but I don't go to school now. I go to the Methodist Sunday School and church.

BLUE JAY.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Blue Jay.—Ed.]

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P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live near the Shubenacadie River, where the tide rises very high. The bridge of the Midland R. R. crosses this river, and was difficult to build on account of the rising and falling of the tide. In spring the river is full of ice cakes, and there is no traffic.

WILLA BERTA CREELMAN.

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E. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—The last time I wrote to your paper my mamma wrote for me, as I was then only six years old and could not write myself. Now I am in my tenth year. I have no sisters and only one little brother three months old. I live near the seashore, and there is a sand beach about a quarter of a mile from home. I had a post-card album given me Christmas, and I have eighty cards in it. A girl friend of mine that lives next door has gone to Halifax for an operation for appendicitis. She takes the 'Messenger' too.

EFFIE G. MOUZAR.

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Y., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I came from Eastman, Quebec last spring. We live on a farm of three hundred and twenty acres six miles from the town of Nokomis. We have one hundred and sixty acres plowed. I drove four horses and disked it three times. I am the oldest of the family.

WILLIAM E. REGAN.

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M., SASK.

Dear Editor,—We came out here two years ago last March. The flowers are out in bloom, and they look very pretty. I think this is a very nice country. Papa is breaking ground these days. I will soon be getting into the third reader. We are going to have an examination on our second readers, to see if we are fit for the third reader.

HAROLD FITZGERALD.

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OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Red Fox.' John R. (aged 13), S., Ont.
2. 'Curious Carriages.' Frederick Ralph Burford (age 9), H., Ont.
3. 'The Chase.' B. B. Walker (age 12), H. G., O t.
4. 'House.' Elsie H. McDuff, W. R., P.E.I.
5. 'The Union Jack.' Gordon Stewart, F., Ont.
6. 'Helen's Pets.' Mary Cairn, B., Ont.
7. 'Chalk Box.' Jean E. Idle, T., Ont.
8. 'Bird.' M. J. C., H., Ont.
9. 'A Plant.' Gertrude Cressman, S., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Gertrude Cressman, S., Ont., lives near the Georgian Bay. 'It is nice to go out on the Bay when it is hot. We have a tent up in our yard and I sleep in it almost every night.' You made your drawing on the back of your letter, Gertrude, so both could not be published.

F. E. A., Black Bank, Ont., has only been to school about fifty days this year. She asks, 'What goes east, west, north and south, has no teeth, and is all mouth?'

Willie B. Towler, E., N.B., lives near a river and near the railroad too. One of your drawings will go in later, Willie.

Vern Shaw, T., Ont., and Mary Cairn, B, Ont., both send little letters with their drawings.

HIS WORSHIP
THE MAYOR OF QUEBEC
TELEGRAPHS:

I congratulate you on Tercentenary Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' which is most interesting and timely.

J. GEO. GARNEAU, Mayor.

Order your supply without delay or you may be too late. See large advt. on page 15.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO.,
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# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Sluggard.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I hear him complain,
'You have waked me too soon! I must slumber again.'
As the door on its hinges, so he, on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

'Oh, a little more sleep! a little more slumber!'
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild briar,
The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had ta'en better care for improving his mind;
He told me . . . his dreams! talked of . . . . . eating and drinking!
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, 'Here's a lesson to me!
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.'

—Dr. Isaac Watts.

## In the Dark.*

(By Charles McIlvane, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

If you will go into a room in the daytime, close the shutters, pull the curtains down, stuff something in any crack there may be the room will be dark. You will notice that you have not shut the dark in, but that you have shut the light out. You will notice, too, that you do not feel one bit afraid. Maybe if you had to go into that same room in the night-time you would be a little bit scared, especially if you had to go upstairs to get into it, the wind slammed the door shut, and you were left alone in the dark.

Did you ever sit down in the daytime, and calmly think why? It is a good plan.

Perhaps I can tell you. If I can, I am sure you will feel much more comfortable about going into the dark for the rest of your lives.

As you shut the light out of the room when you made it dark, and did not shut dark in, it is as plain as the noses on your faces, that darkness is the absence of light, and that there is no such real thing as darkness. There is such a thing as light. We see it come from the sun, the fire, the lamps. No one ever saw darkness come from anything. If you will look through a hole into a dark room you will see that it is dark. Not a bit of the darkness will come out of the hole when you take your eye away. If you will then darken the room in which you are standing, and have some one put a lamp in the dark room into which you have been looking, the light will come out of the room through the hole and make a spot of light on the wall somewhere about you. By these two trials you learn that dark does not travel and that light does.

You will very naturally ask: How does light travel? How does the light from a lamp or a window many miles away, travel to our eyes on the darkest night? How does the light of a flash of lightning or the fire from a gun get to our eyes long before the sound of the thunder or the crack of the shot?

Here is the explanation: If you throw a pebble into a still pond of water, little waves start from where the pebble strikes, and in a ring move in all directions. The force of the pebble striking the water makes the waves. Place a basin of water before you, drop something upon the centre of it. The waves thus made will reach all sides of the basin. The waves coming toward where you are sitting, come in a straight line. If you strike a match, or light a lamp, or set fire to the gas, the force of the burning starts waves of light which, like those in water, move in all directions until they strike against something. When these waves strike your eyes they make you see what is called light, no matter whether the waves come from a candle or come from the sun. Waves of light travel at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in a second. If an express train going at sixty miles an hour started to race around the world with a wave of light, the wave would go around the world over one million and a half times while the train was going once. Sound is made by stirring the air or the particles of some body violently. If air is stirred by the force of some explosion from a gun, or by a streak of hot lightning passing through it, we hear the crack of the gun or the crash of thunder. Sound, like light, travels in waves. It travels about one thousand feet in a second. As light travels nearly ten millions times faster than sound, it is easy to understand why we see the flash of a gun or a flash of lightning before we hear the gun go off or the noise the lightning makes, which is thunder. Thunder never hurts anybody. If we see the flash of lightning, the danger is over from that flash.

Take a ball of any kind out into the sunlight. You will see that the side of the ball next to the sun is bright, while the side away from the sun is much darker. Turn the ball around as often as you please, the side toward the sun will always be lightest. Hold a sheet of white paper so that the ball is between the paper and the sun, and you will see the shadow of the ball on the paper. The reason is that the rays or waves of light from the sun cannot get through the ball—are stopped by it. Stopping the light makes a shadow. The same thing happens if you hold the ball near a lighted lamp. The reason the ball is not entirely black on the side from the sun or lamp is because the waves of light that pass the ball strike against something else and are reflected or bounced back, and in this way get behind the ball.

You all know that the earth is a very big ball—eight thousand miles through. It turns around once in twenty-four hours. Just like the ball you have held to the sun or to a lamp, the side of the earth which is turned toward the sun is always in the sunlight. The earth is so big and thick that the waves of light from the sun cannot get through it, and there is very little about the earth to bounce back the waves of light which do not strike it. Therefore, the side away from the sunlight is in the shadow the earth itself makes, and this shadow is very dark. We call it night.

If you stick a pin in your ball and imagine that you are that pin (a sharp, bright pin, of course), and turn the ball around away from the light, you will notice that you (the pin) are in the shadow of the ball.

Each reader of this paper is stuck on the earth somewhere. As the sun turns around he or she turns with it, like the pin in the ball. The earth turns from west to east. When it turns us to where the waves of light from the sun begin to be stopped by the earth, we begin to get into the earth's shadow. This we call evening—the evening of light, twi-light or half light, or the more beautiful word, gloaming, which means glooming. As we are turned farther into the shadow, the shadow becomes darker. This darker shadow is all that dark is. What is there in it to be afraid of? Why be afraid of it more than any other shadow; even the shadow of a tree or a house, or the one we ourselves make?

If one of our feet or arms is caught in something and held fast, we feel helpless, we get scared and 'holler' for help. In the dark our eyesight is held fast; we cannot use it to see about us; we have a helpless feeling. We perhaps feel scared. There are no such things as ghosts, spooks, goblins, bogies. The stories told you of them are made up. You are as safe in the dark or shadow as you are in the light. I love to walk in the woods in the night-time and to listen to the night birds, the calls of insects, the rustle of night-rambling animals, the distant barking of dogs, the low of cattle; these are the voices of the night.

There is a good deal in habit. Feeling afraid of the dark is a bad habit. Think about it, and break up the habit, if you have it.

*From a chapter of Captain McIlvane's book, 'Outdoors, Indoors and Up the Chimney,' published by the 'Sunday School Times' Company.

## Why Donald Wasn't Invited.

Thomas Holman, a younger brother of Ezra Holman, Donald's father, was making his first visit in five years at the old homestead. During his stay abroad his nephew, Donald, had grown from 'a wee bit of a chick,' as his uncle remembered him, to a 'splendid big fellow' of thirteen.

'I'm nearly as tall as you,' declared Donald, proudly, on the second day of Thomas Holman's visit.

'Al-most!' admitted his uncle, smiling. 'If I stay away as long the next time before come back to New England, I won't dare to "measure." For think how I'd feel—to be shorter than my nephew!'

Donald was just going to reply, when his mother called him to run to the store, the third street away, on an errand for her.

Half an hour later, Thomas Holman noticed Donald in the yard talking with Carl Eckley, a boy about his own age, who lived in the other part of the village.

'I wonder if Donald is making a big story of the suggestion I made about going to Bradford,' thought his uncle, as he watched for a moment, the two boys. 'I imagine he is.'

Then, stepping back from the window, 'That habit of Donald's has got to be cured! I think I never saw a boy who makes so much out of so little. It's astonishing how he does it! Day before yesterday, I overheard him telling Tom Eastman—and with no basis whatever for the story, save that Ezra suggested that he might take Donald out for a day's tramping soon—that he was going with his father presently, for a month's outing!

'Then he told me his teacher proposed taking him to Washington during the vacation. And what Mr. Knowlton did say was, that he'd like to take a few of the boys on some such trip, if he could get up a large enough party to make it interesting.

'Again he—'

Just then Donald came into the room.

'Say, Uncle Thomas,' he began, laying down his cap, 'Carl Eckley and I are going to walk to Melrose, after you make your visit; I don't want to go while you're here. It will be a dandy trip, taking four or five days—there and back. We are just going to tramp and have a good time. When we get there, we are going to stay with Carl's grandfather over night.'

'Are you sure that—'

'No; Carl didn't say for sure we would,' interrupted Donald. 'But we will—if we go.'

'I thought it was settled that you were going!' said Uncle Thomas.

'No-o; not exactly! But we're thinking of it,' and Donald picked up his hat and went out.

'Let—me—see,' and Thomas Holman remained for a few minutes in deep thought. Then, presently, 'I'll try—it! It—may do some—good!'

The next morning his Uncle Thomas asked Donald if he could spare the time to go with him to see three or four of the village boys—Donald's most intimate friends.

'Why, certainly,' replied Donald. 'I'd like nothing better. What are you going—to do?'

'Oh, I have a little scheme. I thought I'd like them to take a trip to Welchville with me, Wednesday. I want to invite Winthrop Smith, Tony Volk, Ted Burows, and possibly Carl Eckley—though I'm not sure.'

'Good-y!' cried Donald, enthusiastically. 'Won't it be—dandy! Going to drive?'

'No; I think 'twill be pleasanter to go down the bay. I've spoken to Jim Holden to take us in his motor boat.'

'Really!' and Donald could hardly contain himself. 'That will be the best "stunt" ever—going in a motor.'

'I think the fellows will enjoy it,' replied his uncle, quietly.

Winthrop, Tony, and Ted were delighted with the prospect of such an outing, and promised to be at the Baxter landing precisely at eight o'clock Wednesday morning.

'If it rains, we'll go Thursday,' said Mr. Holman.

'Aren't you going to invite Carl?' inquired Donald. 'That's his house—there.'

'No; I guess—not,' replied his uncle. 'He's going to Melrose so soon, perhaps he might not care to take the Welchville trip,' meaningly.

'But he's not sure of—going there!' urged Donald.

'Yet it's—probable,' and Mr. Holman walked on by the Eckley home.

Wednesday was a beautiful day. Donald arose early—for once he didn't have to be called.

'I think,' said his father, at breakfast, 'you'd better pull the weeds in the corner of the garden to-day, Donald!'

'To-day!' exclaimed Donald, in surprise. 'Why, I—I'm going to Welchville—with Uncle Thomas!'

'With Uncle Thomas! Have you been invited?'

'No-o; only I suppose he meant to have me go. I went with him when he invited the other boys, and he never said anything about my not going!'

'I think he expects to take only those who were especially invited,' replied Donald's father. 'In fact, I'm sure of it!'

'I wish Uncle Thomas hadn't stayed at Aunt Mary's last night,' said Donald, and he could hardly keep his voice steady. 'And I—I'd find out.'

'If he had intended it he would have invited you,' and by his father's tone Donald knew there was to be weed-pulling for him that day—not the expected trip to Welchville.

It was hot—disagreeably so—and to Donald the hours never seemed to drag so slowly before.

'I—I don't see why he didn't ask—me!' complained Donald, more than once that day, while tugging at the weeds in the corner of the garden. 'It was mean to ask the others, and leave me out!'

Donald hadn't his work quite done that afternoon when he saw his uncle coming up the walk.

'We had a fine time!' exclaimed Mr. Holman, an hour later, as the family sat down at the supper table. 'I think I never saw a crowd of boys enjoy themselves any more. I think you would have had a good time, too, Donald,' looking across to where his nephew was sitting.

'I—I guess I—would!' replied Donald, who, before the meal was over, excused himself from the table.

Later, Uncle Thomas found him in his chamber, stretched on the outside of the bed.

'Donald,' softly.

'Ye-es,' without turning.

Thomas Holman crossed the room and sat down by Donald's side. Presently he was holding the boy's hand.

'Why—why didn't you—'

'Take you, Donald? Because you have so many trips ahead of you—the one to Melrose, the Washington trip, the month's outing with your father, the plans I overheard you telling Phil Mason about, and—'

'There—there isn't one—of them—'

'With all these to be enjoyed so soon,' continued Uncle Thomas, not minding the interruption, 'I didn't think my boy would care to go on our little trip to Welchville.'

'I—I did aw-fully! Beside, Uncle Thomas, they—they, the ones you speak of, are—aren't real. I—I just made them up—most every bit!'

'But exaggerating so—telling what isn't strictly true; don't you know is a bad—a dangerous habit, Donald?'

'Yes, sir! And I—I'll never pretend again that I'm going somewhere when I'm not—never as long as I live!'

'I have another trip planned before I leave—better than the one we had to-day,' confided Uncle Thomas, smiling. 'And I'm going to give you your invitation now,' fondly drawing Donald toward him. 'Will you go?'

'Ye-es! And I can tell folks of this trip—for it's to be a real one,' said Donald, slipping from the bed. 'It isn't like the other ones—that never come true!'—'Epworth Herald.'

## Madge Makes a Visit.

(Frances Harmer.)

The Hamiltons' veranda was a favorite place of resort for their young friends. It was large and cool and shady. Therefore all such little bits of their various duties as could be performed in that spot were carried to the shade of its overhanging vines.

On this May morning Millie and Katie had taken the peas to be shelled for dinner, Sophy was stoning cherries near them, and poor Madge, to whom inevitably fell all the more distasteful tasks, had just arrived with the potatoes to peel.

'Why is Madge doing the potatoes again?' her mother had said.

'I must keep my hands nice for my embroidery,' was Kate's answer, though she had had the grace to blush. 'O, look! There come Allie and Flossie Richards. How excited they look!'

As the mail man arrived at the same moment with one letter for Mrs. Hamilton, she took it and re-entered the house, while the four girls turned eagerly to their young friends.

'O, such news,' cried Floss, the elder, running up the steps. 'Cousin Lawrence has asked us to go with his two girls and Mrs. Marsh—she keeps house for them, you know—to Nantucket for six weeks!'

'How delightful!' chorused the Hamiltons. 'Sit down.'

'Any of your plans set?' inquired Alice, beginning to help with the peas.

'Milly and Sophy are all right,' said Kate, her brow slightly clouding. 'They are going away with daddy and mother. But either Madge or I have to go to Uncle Jim's.'

'O, to that dull little old farmhouse, with no one there but your great uncle and aunt? That will be poky.'

'And Aunt Emma wants one of us to go to the White Mountains with her and little Gladys,' went on Kate. 'I long to see the mountains so.'

'So do I,' put in Madge, quietly.

'I don't mean it will be unmitigated fun,' Kate took no notice of the interruption, 'for Gladys is a very spoiled little thing. Still, the White Mountains are——'

'The White Mountains,' concluded Allie. 'So they are.'

'But we must go on and tell the rest of the girls,' cried Floss. 'We'll see you at recess. Good-by.'

'O, I do wish that things could be settled, cried Kate. 'I want to begin packing. No need to finish that eyelet embroidered waist if I'm to go to that poky——'

At that moment both father and mother came on the veranda. Mrs. Hamilton carried an open letter.

'This is from your Aunt Emma,' announced Mrs. Hamilton. 'She wishes whoever is to go with her to meet her in Albany next week.'

'O!' gasped Madge and Kate, in one breath. Then they looked at each other, and everybody else looked at them.

'It's a pity it's no one's fair turn,' remarked Mrs. Hamilton. 'Each of you has been twice, I know. But, owing to last year's measles, the turns were mixed. Madge went two years running.'

'I am sorry,' said Mr. Hamilton, in a grave tone of voice, 'that it should seem so great a tax. I know that there are no young people with your uncle. But he and Aunt Martha are worthy, cultivated people. And when I was an orphan boy, Uncle Jim took my father's place.'

Madge had a sweet, thoughtful face. She lifted it, with a sudden interest.

'Not only that,' pursued her father, 'he lives a very sad and lonely life. Is it much that a girl, who has almost everything a reasonable girl can want, should grudge one summer in every four to cheer two lonely old people?'

'Why can they not come and live with us—or near us?' asked Sophy. 'Then they wouldn't be so lonely.'

'And we could cheer them up without——'

'Without quite so great a sacrifice,' Mr. Hamilton smiled slightly as he finished Millie's sentence for her. 'Let me tell my children why I do not like to hear one of them talk grudgingly of giving Aunt Martha and Uncle Jim two or three months each year.'

He sat down among them, and Madge drew a little closer.

'Twenty-five years ago their youngest and only surviving child—a hot-headed boy of twenty—ran away in a fit of youthful folly and petulance. They have never heard of him since! But they will not leave that old farm, lest he might return. And, as you know, Aunt Martha puts a lighted lamp in the front parlor window every evening to guide his steps, should he be wandering home in the dark hours of the night. They are very sad, very lonely. I am not able often to leave my business to go. I do what I can. I cannot take you away from your school, but your holidays are not all due to self-indulgent pleasure.'

'Father,' cried Madge, eagerly, 'I'll go this year. Send Katie with Aunt Emma.'

She met her father's approving smile. She felt the touch of her mother's hands upon her head. She heard the murmurs—approving murmurs—of her sisters, and saw Katie's joyful face. But in her mind's eye, looking far away among the green hills of Vermont, was the vision of Uncle Jim's old and sorrowful face, his gray hair and bent form. And she could see, too, Aunt Martha's trembling hand, as they lighted the lamp to guide the wandering steps of the long-lost son to the home he had left so desolate.

A week later the six girls sat again on the veranda. It was evening now, and a young moon was visible over the tossing tops of the elms along the street. On the morrow they were all to start on their several ways. They were now watching the express waggon, as it carried away all their trunks.

'Only I do feel sorry for Madge,' whispered Allie Richards to Floss and Katie. 'It will be dull, you know!'

But Madge had heard her.

'Don't say that, don't think it,' she said. 'I—I—I do want to go. I do, really.'

Yes, it had come to that! She had been so filled with pity and love that what had been a sacrifice was now a pleasure. She had put herself aside, and self was reaping the benefit.

'I am so glad of that,' said her father's voice behind her, 'so glad that you do not go grudgingly.'

'No more grudgingly than he helped you, father,' she answered softly.

It was pleasant to feel the touch of her father's hand in hers.

There comes a messenger boy,' cried Allie. 'O, and he's coming here!'

'O, suppose Aunt Emma isn't going, suppose that wretched little Gladys should be ill,' wailed Katie, who had not forgotten self. 'I'm so afraid.'

Mr. Hamilton opened the yellow envelope, and whistled like a boy. His wife came out at the sound.

'Good news?' she said eagerly.

'Good news!' laughed Mr. Hamilton, holding up two sheets of paper. 'Look! Uncle Jim has flung economy to the winds! Listen!'

And he read aloud:

'Our boy back last night. Heard report of our death sixteen years ago. Has been in Australia. Come home to stay. Wife, twin girls, fifteen. Send Madge next train. Plans all changed, may go Europe. Writing to-day.

UNCLE JIM.'

'O, I am so glad, so glad, so glad!' exclaimed Madge, tears in her eyes. 'So glad for Uncle Jim, for Aunt Martha!'

'You may be glad for yourself,' said Kate, an acid note in her voice. 'You're going to have the loveliest trip of all of us.'

'And I think she deserves it,' put in her father. 'She has been thinking of other things than her own pleasure, my daughter.'—'Christian Register.'

## Don't Forget to Write a Letter

In the dear old home they miss you.
Miss the sunshine of your face,
Miss your happy, careless chatter;
No one else can fill your place.
They are thinking of you often,
When in distant paths you roam;
Don't forget to write a letter
To the dear ones left at home.

One can see they're sad without you.
Though they smile and do their best;
Half life's music floated from them,
When the birdlings left the nest.
How they love to get a letter
In your own familiar hand!
All the comfort it can give them
Only parents understand.

Do you know that since you've left her,
In your mother's glossy hair
Threads of silver, intertwining,
Tell of years of toil and care?
Just a bit, the lines have deepened
On your father's thoughtful brow—
Don't forget to write—write often,
For they miss you sadly now.

When they sit around the fireside,
And the shadows gather near;
Then they think of happy hours
When your presence brought them cheer.
Come sweet, tender memories thronging,
When the stars shine in the blue;
And they breathe their hearts' deep longing,
In a silent prayer for you.

Write a letter to the dear ones
Who on you their hopes have stayed.
They may seem a trifle childish
If your letter is delayed;
For they miss you from the fireside—
Miss you more than words can say;
Then write promptly, don't neglect it,
Write a letter home to-day.

—Julia E. Abbott.

'MORE! MORE! MORE!'

'And, indeed, a nest mother has enough to do; for though at first the little callow things seem only all intent on wriggling themselves into the warmest place under the mother's outspread wings, their next aim in life seems to be the pitching headlong over the edge of the nest, in their frantic endeavors to get at every morsel with which their patient parents seek to stop those chirping beaks, wide open like yellow sacks; but they never are stopped except when they are filled. 'More! more! more! I! I! I!' is ever their cry; and what they dispose of while pretending to be starving is something astonishing.'—Illustration and Text from Tim Trumble's 'Little Mother,' published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

## Wang & Company.

Young Col. Grey found—or rather rescued—little Wang, four or five years before the recent siege of Pekin. It came about in this way. He left the American legation one morning, and strolled out beyond the Great Wall. He was thinking of America; and a constant memory of a golden-haired girl playing at her mother's knee was so persistent that the young soldier's heart throbbed faster under his trim uniform, while the longing for home grew stronger than the enthusiasm about protecting American interests abroad. Suddenly a sharp crack of a whip startled him, followed by a moan of pain which wrung his heart.

Guided by the sounds which were quickly repeated, Col. Grey hurried on. Presently he came to their source. A Chinaman, brutal and stolidly angry, was bending over the prostrate form of a small child, madly belaboring the thin, quivering body, while the moans, so unchildlike in their heroic suppression, were forced from the close-shut lips.

'Stop!' thundered Grey, seizing the uplifted hand. Then he said other things in good unadulterated English, Americanized and emphasized for the occasion.

The Chinaman turned a savage glance upon the man who held his hand so relentlessly. He but dimly understood the words. The expression on Grey's face, however, was unmistakable to a native of any land under the sun.

'She's mine!' snarled the Oriental, trying to wrench himself free, and spluttering out jargon which Grey perfectly understood.

'She mine! I going to kill her!'

Grey's clutch tightened, and again he resorted to Americanized English.

'I run laundry in Melican country,' the wretch explained, thinking to strengthen his position. 'Child was born here. Mother sent letter that boy was born. I worked for boy. I loved velly much my boy. I came home suddenly quick. I find—girl! Now I kill girl!' His eyes glowed dangerously.

'Not by a long shot!' roared Grey, giving the bony arm between his fingers an agonizing twist. 'Now you listen to me, you—you comic valentine! Give me the girl; I'll give you money, heap money, five American dollars!'

The man's features relaxed. Grey took the money from his pocket, and flung it at the man. 'Take this, and get out. If I ever see your confounded yellow mask near the American legation, I'll strangle you with your own patchwork pigtail. Understand? Now scurry!' A kick added to the command hastened the departure, and in another minute the man was lost to sight. Then Grey turned his attention to the little form upon the ground. Was the child dead? He turned her gently. She was quite passive, not understanding a word of his picturesque English; and, judging by his tone and manner, she now expected a new form of torment from the hands of a foreigner. She turned her soft eyes to the face bending above, and she saw the look that only children and sick soldiers ever saw upon Grey's face.

The small Chinese girl smiled slowly and painfully, then reached up a thin bruised hand as if imploring his protection.

'Well, comrade,' laughed Grey, 'it looks as if you and I had formed a partnership, whether we wished it or not. What's your name?' Grey spoke fair Chinese; and the child understood the question, at least.

'Wang,' she whispered. 'Wang is boy name, me like it.'

'Wang & Company it shall be. Shake hands, partner.'

The little brown claw lay in his broad white palm, and something choked the colonel at the thought of another far-away little rosy hand.

He bent and gathered the child in his arms, and without another word carried her back to his quarters in the American legation.

On the way he met young Mrs. Anderson, a lifelong friend and the wife of his superior officer.

'Mollie,' he laughed, I've invested in a delicate piece of china. I did it to prevent its utter destruction. Now that I have it, I hardly know what to do with it. If Amy were here—but she isn't, you know—I could settle it at once. Do you'—he paused in confusion—'do you think you could help me out for Amy's sake and—in the name of all helpless children?'

Mrs. Anderson's eyes filled. She never quite forgot a little flower-decked bed in the hillside cemetery, and she answered hastily: 'Give her to me, Jack. I think I understand. I am very glad to help. Shall we take her to your rooms?'

But, when the little bruised body was displayed to the pitying womanly gaze, tears were forgotten. The sweet voice broke into inarticulate moaning, and vows of vengeance against the entire Chinese empire were mingled with sympathetic coaxings.

Wang lay passive in the kind arms. They

might do with her as they deemed best. All was well with her at last.

Strange things happened from then on, and they happened rapidly. The sore and aching body was bathed and magically soothed. From a sacred chest cool little linen garments were brought forth. Then, after being fed some strange mixture, little Wang was put in Col. Grey's bed to sleep. Mrs. Anderson sat beside her, singing wonderful songs. The words could not be understood by the weary listener; but was there ever a child who misunderstood such a tone?

So, charmed and comforted, little Wang floated off into the land of dreams. 'I'm going to have a bed put up in the ante-room,' whispered Grey, coming back to sit by Mrs. Anderson while Wang slept.

'These little Chinese kids are born ancient and self-dependent. Wang will not need much care. I rather like the idea of having something young and quite my own running about my rooms. If you see anything going radically wrong, Mollie, speak out; but I fancy Wang and I are going to get along famously. When I go home,' his voice grew softer, 'I'm going to take Wang to Amy and Katherine.'

Mrs. Anderson nodded her head, and crooned the ancient lullaby.

So little Wang became part of the legation, and waxed sunnier and jollier as the time went on.

She learned to speak English quickly and perfectly; she was the friend of all, but her devotion belonged to Col. Grey. She watched him with her soft, almond-shaped eyes, the color meanwhile creeping into her round, dimpled cheeks. She followed him about like a little dog, anticipating his every wish. Before the pictures of his wife and child fresh flowers were always blooming. Wang did not have to be told what would please her colonel; she knew. The months and years slipped by. Wang became very American in all ways but one. She insisted upon clinging to the Chinese costume, and she begged to wear 'boy clothes.'

Grey laughingly consented, and so to strangers Wang appeared a really, truly boy. This filled her with delight; and her chuckles of satisfaction, when she was mistaken for the genuine article, quieted even Mrs. Anderson's womanly scruples.

Then came the cloud which was so soon to break disastrously over the world. There were mutterings and threats against the 'foreign devils.' An oppressive atmosphere of danger hung over and around all. Grey gave up his idea of a visit to America, and settled down to watch the game out.

Wang heard and understood. Her blood began to run hotly. She remembered, as she had not done since the rescue, the mother whom she had once loved and the terrible father whom she still feared.

'I cannot help distrusting Wang,' said old Lady Tremaine of the British legation one day to Grey; 'there is the oddest, most Chinese look growing on her face. She knows too much. If'—here the old lady lowered her voice, for Wang had entered the room—'if anything should happen, that child could harm us dreadfully.'

Grey laughed aloud.

'I'd as soon think of distrusting my little Katherine,' he said. 'Come Wang, it's lesson time.'

The child followed humbly. Out under the trees of the enclosure she nestled closer.

'I know what she thinks,' the little brown finger pointed back toward the house.

'Now, I tell you a story. A little bird was saved from death and put in a beautiful cage, and treated, ah! so—heavenly. Nearly all of the time the bird forgot the outside of the cage, but sometimes it remembered; and then'—a wistful look crossed the patient face—'the bird wanted to fly away and tell of the—of the heavenliness. That is the way the bird feels.' Grey watched Wang closer after that. It would not do to have the 'outside' get knowledge of even the 'heavenliness' just then. Soon the awful threats changed to gunshots. The muttered 'kill the foreigners' became actual deeds, and more than one life was taken ere the frightened people clustered within the comparative safety of the British legation.

Wang obeyed orders like the well-drilled little soldier she was; but, when it was possible, she followed close on Grey's heels. He taught her to use a pistol well, and warned her to protect herself and them who loved her, even against her own people.

'I do what you do,' she smiled back at him. 'I follow my dear colonel. His work is my work.'

So the fearful days dragged on. Rumors floated in that help was approaching, that the different countries had not forgotten their faithful representatives. But were the rumors true? Shut in amidst the awful din of cannon-shot and yell of heathen hate, the besieged people prayed that some one might bring them the word of advancing help, so that they might struggle on. Bravely, they did what they could. They cheered the sick and buried the dead. They played and romped with merry children, even while their hearts throbbed with apprehension. Wang watched curiously, but kept her own counsel. Only Lady Tremaine doubted her, and that British matron made Wang's life a burden by her ever-watchful attentions.

One day a Chinese fruit-seller worked his way into the British legation, pleading good will and a friendly intention to serve the white brother. Wang watched this newcomer from the first and practiced often with her pistol. From her little room, next Grey's, she watched his slumbers when duty permitted him to rest.

One moonlight night she heard something moving in his room. It was not he; for, above the strange stirring, she noted his slow, even breathing. She arose, and crept stealthily to his door. In her small brown hand she clutched the pistol, cocked and ready. By the light of the moon Wang saw the fruit-seller bending over Grey's bed, a look of fiendish hate distorting his face and a gleaming knife in his hand.

Why had she not known before? That cruel face had once bent over her, and now he was about to take the life of the one who had saved her on that dreadful day.

In an instant the brown face of little Wang became fixed and terrible. What she suffered who can know? But without a quiver she raised her arm, and fired straight at the figure by the bed! There was a cry of agony, a heavy fall, then Grey sprang up from the bed, and the room was filled with terror-stricken people. In an instant Grey had Wang in his arms. 'Little partner,' he groaned, 'you have saved my life!' 'He was my father!' sobbed Wang, clinging to her friend; and in that cry rang, desolately, all the traditions of her race. Grey was saved from the fruit-seller's knife, only to fall the next day by a Boxer's bullet as he was doing duty on the Wall.

Wang saw them carry him, all unconscious, to the improvised hospital. She saw women cry over him; but she, who loved him best of all, could neither weep nor moan, so deep was her sorrow and fear.

'O little Wang!' pleaded Mrs. Anderson, who seemed the only one who understood the child's agony. 'Do not look like that, dear. He may not die, you know. He is so young and brave, and he has so much to live for. If help would only come! Or if we could know that help was near I am sure he would live. It is this awful suspense.'

That night, as Gen. Anderson was sitting over his papers, he felt a light touch upon his arm that caused even his war-tried nerves to tingle. He turned. There by the flicker of the one candle he saw Wang's stolid little face.

'Does Mrs. Anderson want me, Wang?' Since Grey had been shot the child had slept in the Anderson's quarters.

'No, sir.' Then, very faintly, 'I want to go away, sir.'

'We all want to go away, Wang.' The old soldier smiled grimly. 'Where do you especially want to go?'

'My colonel was going to try and find out about his soldiers,' there was no jesting in the quiet voice, 'and now I want to go. I have a way.'

'A way?' Gen. Anderson repeated the words like a man in a dream.

'Yes, sir. I want to do my colonel's work. I let myself down from the inner wall today,' the weary, childish voice plodded on. 'They thought me a Chinese boy trying to get away. I let them think, and I listened. They see many flags floating over our hotel—French flag, Russian flag, German flag, American flag—oh, all flags! I know there are only five people in hotel, they think hundreds. They are digging a way under to find out. You dig from this end toward the wall, you find out. I go to hurry the soldiers. Write me a note, I take it.'

Gen. Anderson's jaw sank in amazement. The child's plan seemed almost simple to the old soldier. Was this the way out? 'I'm going to take you at your word, Wang,' he faltered; and two bright drops ran down his grizzly beard. 'If any one can get to our boys you can. Here, take this,' he scribbled a few words on a bit of paper, 'and tell them to hurry!' Then he handed the paper to her as if he were trusting his most able aide.

'Thank you,' murmured Wang, wrapped the note about her finger, and then covering it with a rag. 'I think I will get back. I will know your soldiers, they will look like—him.'

When the stealthy steps had departed, Gen. Anderson roused himself, and smiled weakly. 'I guess I'll go and let Lady Tremaine call me a fool now,' he groaned.

Two days passed, three, then a week. Lady Tremaine called the general a fool many times during those soul-trying days; and gentle Mrs. Anderson had not heart enough to defend her great, brave husband. By night the yells of the foe filled the air, and the days were equally terrifying.

Gen. Anderson had set men to work under the hotel, and had found the passage of which Wang had spoken. Several Boxers were killed, the place walled up and guarded, more flags were raised over the poorly defended little hotel, and still Wang came not.

'Had she betrayed us, we would have been attacked ere this,' pleaded Mrs. Anderson; and that reasonable remark made hope spring again to life. But where was Wang?

The 14th of August came, that ne'er-to-be-forgotten day. Volleys of shot and distant yells filled the air as usual. The occasional silences were really more hard to bear than the cries of hatred. Then, when brave hearts seemed to be bursting with anxiety, a new shout thrilled through the tumult—a mighty, familiar shout in the tongues of many lands, but understood by every heart in the besieged quarters.

'They have come! they have come!' And men and women sobbed in joy. The gates were battered down, and in they poured—those weary, earnest men who had come in time! First came the English, making for their nation's headquarters; then on rushed the Americans, haggard, but jubilant; then the others, mingling promiscuously, and crying out their delight in many tongues.

When once the excitement quieted down, old Lady Tremaine electrified those near her by screaming out, 'As I live, that big American over there has Wang in his arms!'

'Where? where?' called a dozen voices; but Mrs. Anderson had seen also. In an instant she was beside the soldier, who bore upon his breast, most tenderly, a worn and weary little child.

'This is the boy who reached our lines last night after being detained for days by the Boxers.' The big soldier's voice shook. 'The brutes had rather used the kid up, but he got away; and he had the message round his finger all right. God bless him! We ran nearly all the way after the word was passed along, and each nation fought for the honor of carrying the brave little chap.'

'Wang! little Wang!' sobbed Mrs. Anderson. 'Oh! give her to me. She is only a dear, dear little girl!'

'Little girl!' cried the soldier; and he literally dropped his burden in the outstretched arms. 'Little girl? Well, by heaven, there is hope for China!'

'Will my colonel live?' Wang looked up into the loving eyes gazing in her own. 'Will my colonel live, now that help has come?'

'Come and see, you blessed child!' They found him lying happy and expectant; for the news had reached him, borne by Lady Tremaine.

'Wang,' he whispered, reaching his thin arms up to her, 'we're going home, comrade. For the second time you've saved my life, brave little friend!'—Harriet T. Comstock, in 'Christian Register.'

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Teddy and the Squirrel.

(By W. F. Singleton, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Teddy is a little black-and-white terrier, with the stubbiest of tails sticking straight up into the air, as if it were trying to meet his sharp little ears, that stick up, too. He lives in a big yard, with a house in one end of it, where his master lives, and a big board fence all around it, with beams running along below the top on the fence-post, for the

boards to be nailed to. Teddy cannot get over that fence, although he would like to, and has tried to many times, for over in the next yard lives his best playmate, Dodo.

Dodo is no dog at all, but a big gray squirrel, with a huge bushy tail that flirts and quivers whenever he moves. Dodo lives in a little wooden house up on the branch of a tree, and has a wife and a whole family of little squirrels up there with him. Dodo can run up and down that fence as easily as you can climb the stairs to the nursery, and he has done it many times, often when Teddy was very close behind him, for although he enjoys playing with Teddy, he fears him. His favorite game is to watch from his tree until Teddy is looking the other way, then climb over the fence, run up close behind Teddy and chatter shrilly at him just a second.

But one day the laugh was on the other side. Teddy knows why he is in the big yard. He is there to watch the house and see that no one comes in to steal or to hurt anything. Perhaps that is why he will not let Dodo stay there. One day, when Teddy was away down at the end of the yard, Dodo came over and thought he would go in and see what there was in the house. He frisked up the steps and into the pantry window. The pantry was a wonderful place. He tasted all the kinds of crumbs, and at last decided that half a loaf of Graham bread was the very nicest thing there. That was within easy reach of the window, too; so he caught hold of it and dragged it to the sill, and then tumbled it out.

But climbing it now was a different matter. He could go up the fence alone, but he could not take the bread with him. And to make it worse, Teddy had started up that way.

Dodo looked up and down the fence, and at last saw a sloping board that reached to the beam. He dragged the loaf to this, and found he could go up; but that took him only to the beam, and the top of the boards was a foot higher. He tried and tried to get over, but the bread was too heavy. At last he grew so vexed he chattered at the bread, scolding it for being so obstinate. And Teddy heard him.

Just a second later Teddy came with a spring and a bound to catch him, and frightened Dodo let go the bread and scrambled to safety on the fence top. He went so quickly that he knocked the bread off, and it fell to the ground on Teddy's side. Teddy jumped and turned to see what it was he had dropped. Teddy liked Graham bread very much, so he sat down and ate the half-loaf greedily. And as for Dodo, he could only sit on the fence and scream.

'Here, cook!' he seemed to say. 'Stop this dog! He is eating your bread!'

But cook was out of the kitchen, as he should have known, so Teddy had the feast, and Dodo had to go home without his plunder.

## A Memory System.

Forget each kindness that you do
  As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
  The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
  Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
  Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
  To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
  And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
  And keep it to the letter,
Remember those who lend you aid
  And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
  That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress,
  Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
  Remember heaven's about you:
And you will find, through age and youth,
  True joys, and hearts to love you.

Golden Rule.

## Why Felix and Mary Ann Went Hungry.

'Meow!' said Felix, 'I want my supper.'

'Meow, meow,' said Mary Ann, more softly, 'where can the little mistress be? The white folks are all done eating.'

'She has forgotten how hungry we are,' sobbed Felix; 'let's go to sleep and then we'll not mind.'

So Lucia's two kittens cuddled together and went to sleep hungry. Poor little kittens!

But where was Lucia? Ah! this little girl was tired of her own work and had undertaken to do someone's else.

When supper was over it was always Lucia's duty to carry a little tin pail out to the pantry and fill it with milk for Felix and Mary Ann; but to-night the little girl's head was bent on doing something very clever, 's'prising' mother.

There was to be company in the parlor presently and out in a little, cool back-room there was a box of roses and smilax waiting to adorn the mantel. Lucia slipped down from her place at the supper-table and stole away.

'I know I can fix 'em jes' booful,' Lucia was saying to herself, as she lugged the big box along, stepping very softly past the dining-room door for fear mother and auntie would not let her.

Mother and auntie, chatting over their peaches, did not hear her pass the door, but they did hear, presently—oh, my! my! such a crash and cry and wail.

And, when they flew to the parlor, there, on the tiled hearth and the fur rug, was a heap of broken china, crushed roses, and a little girl with a face cut and bruised with broken glass.

That night when the 'company' came there was a large wet spot on the floor and there was a chipped place on the tiles, and a bare place on the mantel,

and a little tied-up and court-plastered girl in the nursery bed, and a very unhappy mother, and a flustered auntie, and two hungry kittens.

Do you see how many wrong things would not have happened if one little girl had done her own next little duty, instead of reaching out after mother's and auntie's grown-up duty? But Felix and Mary Ann never knew why they had no supper that night.—Selected.

## Once There Was a Little Fly.

Once there was a little fly who saw a spider's web in the corner of a room. 'I will keep away from it,' he thought, 'for if I should get one foot in it I might get two, and soon I would be caught altogether.' Wasn't that a wise little fly?

In the same room was a little girl who had broken a vase. Something whispered in her ear, 'Hide the pieces and don't tell mother.'

'No, no!' said she. 'If I should deceive mother once, I might again, and pretty soon I should be telling wrong stories. I just won't begin.' Wasn't she a wise little girl?—Selected.

## Tommy Flittermouse.

(By A. H. Donnell, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

When little Tommy Flittermouse woke up from his three months' nap, he was on his head! Sleeping head downward, think of it! But that did not disturb Tommy Flittermouse at all. It was a habit he inherited from Grandfather Flittermouse and great-grandfather. It ran in the Flittermouse family.

But when Tommy Flittermouse had stretched himself and turned himself right side up, he began to feel very hungry indeed. If you slept three or four months, don't you believe when you woke up you would be hungry?

It was very dark in the Flittermouse house, but outdoors it was daytime. Now little Tommy Flittermouse never went out daytimes, so, hungry as he was, —poor little fellow!—he must wait till night before he went after his supper. Suppose we examine him.

What a furry, altogether queer little chap! If it was not for his hands we would call him a little red-brown mouse, would we not? But just look at his hands! They spread out and shut together for all the world like two big fans —leather fans. They are bigger than all the rest of him put together! His tiny eyes are set deep in his little furry face. His mouth is full of tiny, pointed white teeth.

Tommy Flittermouse is not handsome, but he looks better than some of his cousins. And, after all, there is something about this funny little pointed-eared fellow, with his great wing hands, that one cannot help liking.

When it comes night at last, little Tommy Flittermouse, I hope you will have a nice supper. I hope you will have plenty of beetles for first course and a fine fat June bug for dessert. And then, after supper, you will go off on your queer little fluttery wings for a 'constitutional!' In and out among the trees, bumping and thumping against them, you will go, till you are tired enough to go home, at daybreak, to bed. And then, you comical little fellow, you will go to sleep again, standing on your head!

Did any of you children ever see Tommy Flittermouse? He lives in that hollow tree close by the stone wall. Look for him some day. You will be sure to find him at home, and asleep, as I told you, upside down.

## Quarrelling.

There's a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain;
But in Northland, as in Southland,

Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Exchange.

## A Well-trained Dog.

(By Julia D. Cowles, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Nettie Hunt had gone to spend a week at her Uncle George's, and she sat reading by the fireplace when Uncle George came home from the store.

After the usual greetings had been exchanged, Uncle George turned to Fido —the little collie dog which had already made friends with Nettie, and which was now lying with his head at her feet —and said, 'Fido, I want my shoes; go upstairs and get them.'

Instantly Fido jumped up, gave himself a shake and his tail a wag, then trotted off upstairs.

'Will he really bring them?' asked Nettie, who had suddenly lost interest in her book.

'Wait and see,' answered Uncle George. In another minute there came a patter of small feet down the stairs and in walked Fido, carrying his master's house shoes in his mouth. He went close to Uncle George's chair and laid the shoes upon the floor, then looked up as if expecting to be thanked.

'Put the shoes on the chair, Fido,' said Uncle George, and at once Fido took them up and carefully laid them upon the chair.

'Thank you, Fido! Good dog, good dog!' said Uncle George, patting the little dog's head.

Fido fairly wriggled with joy at the praise, then he walked over to Nettie and, putting his head in her lap, looked up into her eyes.

'He is asking me if he did it all right,' said Nettie to Uncle George. 'He couldn't ask any plainer if he talked.' And when Nettie patted him and told him he was the smartest little dog she ever had seen, he seemed thoroughly satisfied, and went off for another nap by the fireplace.

## The Way to Do.

'I am afraid they'll laugh at me!' It was little Tot's first day at school. Phil was taking her on the way to his school.

'What if they do?' answered Phil. 'You must laugh back again. When you see them laughing, laugh as hard as you can, and they'll like you for it. People like people that laugh.'

Tot was very much afraid that she would cry instead of laugh; but everybody was very kind to her. When she thought of what Phil said she smiled a great deal, so they liked her very much. When she came home she said: 'Mamma, I should like to go to school again.' —'Our Little Dots.'

## Two and One.

Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear His Word.

Two little hands His work to do,
Two little feet His way to pursue.

One little tongue to speak His truth,
One little heart for Him in my youth.

Take them, dear Jesus, and let them be
Always obedient and true to Thee.

—Selected.

## The Little Girl Who Always Obeyed.

Learn to obey orders on the instant. You never can tell what it may mean to you—life or death, maybe. A little girl's dress caught fire the other day. She began jumping up and down, and ran about the room screaming wildly. Her father spoke two little short words to her—'Lie down!' He never stopped to look to see if she minded, but she did, and the next instant he wrapped her in heavy rugs which he had snatched from the hall just outside. That instant spent in running about the room, with air from the open windows fanning the fire, might have been enough to set her in flames that he couldn't put out in time to save her. It pays to mind promptly. Learn to do it—practise on the little things. It is the only way to be ready for the great ones.—'Child's Hour.'

## 'Take My Vote.'

One of the brightest bits that have come to us from the South Australian convention is the application to Christian citizenship of Miss Havergal's consecration hymn, a speaker suggesting the line, 'Take my vote and let it be'—, and asking the Endeavorers to complete the stanza out of their own heads. The 'Christian Weekly' prints several of these stanzas:

'Take my vote, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Guide my hand, that it may trace
Crosses in the proper place.'

Again—

'Take my eyes, and let them see
The candidate approved by thee.'

And once more, the editor's own contribution,—

'Take my vote, that we may see
Politics controlled by thee.
This to thee I gladly bring
That the state may own her King.'

In despair the editor gave it up, and offered a book for the best quatrain sent in by the Endeavorers.

The editor had not long to wait; the Australian poets rose to the occasion.

Here is one of the suggestions:—

'Take my vote, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Let me realize my power
In the conflict of that hour.

'Take my hand, and let me 'rase
Every name that would disgrace;
Laws and land and senate bench,
May we thus the evil quench.'

Here is another venture:—

'Take my vote, and let it be
So directed, Lord, by thee
That the men who frame our laws
May defend thy righteous cause.'

Once more:—

'Take my vote, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
And for laws let it be given
Here on earth like thine in heaven.'

'Perhaps sensitive genius has gone on strike,' despondently remarks our brother of the Southern hemisphere.—'Golden Rule.'

## The Act That Is Important.

Human lives turn on the pivot of single acts, which may not at the time seem important I have in my possession a most pathetic letter written by a gentleman of good education—in an almshouse. He wrote to me: 'All the misery of my wretched life was caused by the first "sherry cobbler" that I ever drank; it was at the solicitation of a Mr. K., at a hotel in Columbus, Ohio; and I drank it under protest. I am the embodiment of the fatal fruits of that one drink.' On the summit of a hill in that same State of Ohio is a court-house so singularly situated that the raindrops that fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie; those which trickle down on the other side pass into the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destiny of these raindrops for three thousand miles! So a single act determines often a human destiny for this world and the next. The writer of that pathetic letter had such an experience. A young man who had partially reformed from habits of dissipation was offered a glass of wine by an affectionate but thoughtless sister; in yielding he rekindled a thirst which swept him back into drunkenness. The hand that ought to have sustained him laid him low.—Dr. Cuyler.

## The Unprofitable Saloon.

The harped-upon and overworked argument of liquor advocates against the prohibiton of their traffic—that the abolition of the saloon would mean the cutting off a large revenue, and consequently an impoverished treasury in any town or municipality—has been more than once disproved in these latter days of rapid temperance reform. The latest and most positive refutation of this false argument comes from Kansas City, Kan., where the State, through its attorney, Mr. C. W. Trickett, has closed two hundred and fifty-six saloons, two hundred gambling houses, and sixty houses of social evil. It was difficult for many to clearly understand how, from a financial standpoint, the wiping out of the revenue-paying saloon could fail to greatly embarrass the city. The difficulty with such, as with all who entertain such a doubt, lies in a too limited view of the question and a failure to appreciate the far-reaching insidious influence of the saloon. It is no simple process of subtraction and addition, and along the line of mere dollars and cents.

In the case of Kansas City the following vital interests have been largely affected by the ousting of the saloon:

1. Cost of Police: According to the statement of the State prosecutor, the expense of police has been reduced by $25,000 a year and another $25,000 has been saved in prosecuting criminals, a gain of $50,000 in all. The charitable institutions report a reduction of over sixty-seven percent in demands for aid, making another important saving to the community.

2. Juvenile Court: The saloon question is intimately associated with childhood. Prior to the crusade the juvenile court furnished aid and assistance to from eight to eighty-five children a month; since the saloons were closed there have been but two applications. Before, from fifteen to twenty-five boys were sent to the reformatory every year; since, in twelve months, but two have been sent. The county court of common pleas opened in May without a criminal case, the first instance of the kind in twenty-five years.

3. Jail Expense: Even the friends of the saloon will hardly shut their eyes to the fact that the saloon and jail largely exist as the cause and effect. A year ago the Kansas City officials were trying to figure out how they could increase the capacity of the jail to take care of the 'effect' of the saloon. Now 'the doors of the jails swing idly on their hinges.' Petty suits for the collection of rents, grocery bills, etc., formerly crowded the docket; now the dockets are blank, for the reason that the people are paying their bills instead of being sued for them.

4. Bank Deposits: No consideration of the financial phase of the saloon would be complete without a chapter on bank deposits. Since the abolishing of the saloon the bank deposits of the citizens have increased one and a half million dollars. This cannot be figured out as a mere coincidence. When the bar deposits ceased, the bank deposits grew.

5. Educational: The liquor interest touches the public schools vitally. Within the last year eighteen additional teachers have been employed, not because of any large increase of population, but simply because children between the ages of twelve and sixteen by the hundreds are now coming and placing themselves under teachers who formerly were compelled to work in factories or stores to help support the family, since the father in each case, with the wages diverted largely to the saloon, could not support the family unaided.

In Kansas City there were found not to exceed two business men on the principal street who favored closing the saloon a year ago. Now, since the fearful expense of the saloon has, by the revolutionized conditions been laid bare, they are falling over each other to express their positive conviction for temperance reform. When citizens come to see clearly that the saloon is the most blighting influence imaginable, and that freedom from the curse means prosperity, health, happiness, and hope, the rest is very easy. The saloon will go.—'Western Christian Advocate.'

## The Saloon Reverses Human Redemption.

The saloon represents the reversal of the redemptive process. The wandering boy, your wandering boy, how does he come to be a wandering boy? Who has robbed him? Who has taken the treasure of mind and heart from him? Who has done it? I tell you when I stand in his presence and think of this monstrous wrong that has been done to this boy, my soul burns with implacable wrath against the saloon. I am ready to say that this saloon has no place in our civilization. If civilization stands for what our father and brother declared to-night, if it stands for education and morality, then this thing that makes against education, that makes against morality, has no place by the side of the institutions of education and morality.—Bishop Luther B. Wilson.


# SUCCESSFUL BOYS.

## Results of Last Competition.

In April, May, and June, the largest aggregate sales of the 'Canadian Pictorial' through our boy agents, were made by the following:

Town and City prize .. .. .. .. .. ....GEORGE NORMAN, B.C.

Country Prize .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. ..DOUGLAS A. WRIGHT, B.C.

These boys have their choice of: 1, a Waterman 'Ideal' Fountain Pen; 2, a Pocket Tool Case; 3, a Coat Pocket Electric Flash Light.

PROVINCIAL PRIZES for the largest number of copies sold in each Province outside the Prize Winners. The following each receive a good book:

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CLOVELLA McKAY, Man.
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LLOYD JEWKES, N.S
CLIFFORD HARDY, P E I
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JOHN BISHOP, Nfld
(Last two equal).

# BIG PROFITS FOR JULY.

The liberal terms we are allowing to boys (or girls) who will sell the TERCENTENARY NUMBER is making a stir among our young readers, many of whom, even among their own family and friends, could get a substantial order. Our premium list, with full particulars of all profits, may be had for the asking—also an order sheet which will greatly help you Cash with order is the rule for this issue as the large edition is being so rapidly absorbed.

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N B.—Orders of 6,000 and under are being received.

One of our largest customers has just had his order reduced by several thousand copies, so that we could reserve a liberal supply for our boys, and prevent disappointment as far as we could. But even with that caution there is no time to lose. Tell your customers that if it isn't 'NOW,' it may be 'NEVER,' for this July issue.

**Just as we go to press the FIRST BONUS FLAG is being mailed,—to Miss May Miller of New Brunswick, who sends a cash order for 100 copies of the Tercentenary Number! Who'll get the next flag?**

# ..HOUSEHOLD..

## For Home Work Room.

HOME WORK ROOM.

No. 548.—The woman hard to find, is she who does not spend her leisure time embroidering for the benefit of her friends, with many a dainty hand-made present as a result. What would please a woman more than the design here shown? These designs may be had already stamped on white linen of the most reliable quality, or in a perforated pattern which is simple to use and includes complete material and full directions for stamping. The prices are as follows:—

No. 236—Bootees in English eyeletting and buttonholing embroidery, perforation, 10c.

No. 243—Corset cover, embroidery design, perforation, 25c. Stamped on fine embroidery linen, 75c. Four skeins embroidery silk, 20c.

No. 244—Hood in English eyeletting or satin stitch embroidery. Perforation, 15c. Stamped on fine embroidery linen, 35c. Four skeins silk, 20c.

No. 247—Border only, for embroidery, buttonholing. Perforation, 10c.

No. 248—Border only, for English eyeletting or satin stitch embroidery. Perforation, 15c.

No. 250—Doilies or pin cushion top, for embroidery. Perforation, 10c. Stamped on fine embroidery linen, 10c. Two skeins embroidery silk, 10c.

No. 267—Wheat spray, embroidery design. Perforation, 10c.

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Order by number as well as name, stating whether it is the design alone or the design and working material that is desired. A lapse of one week beyond time needed for return mail should be allowed.

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Address your letters to:

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## Dont's for Every Day.

Don't fail to give the caller who comes from afar a good cup of tea, with a cracker or a thin slice of bread and butter. True hospitality shows itself often in a simple refection.

Don't fail to acknowledge an invitation so soon as received. A tardy response is sometimes unpardonable. Like in the answering of personal letters, a few lines will often cover questions asked and desires expressed.

Don't fail to enclose a stamped envelope when an answer to a business letter is required. In all such matters it is necessary, but not in private correspondence.

Don't fail in your duties as a guest. They are many, and the visitor who wishes to be a success should follow rules which are easily recognized.

Don't, when visiting, take the host's chair, monopolize his desk, usurp his morning paper and keep up a continual chatter so soon as he makes his appearance. Busy men at the end of the day like quiet, and the polite visitor knows just when to speak and when not to speak.

Don't be late at meals or come down when the meal is nearly finished.

Don't correct the children of your hostess. Mothers resent this, and besides it is none of your business.

Don't give orders to servants in other people's houses or ask questions. Be deaf and dumb to any happenings of an unpleasant character.—Selected.

## What to Teach a Daughter.

To thoroughly understand a baby's requirements; to treat the little accidents that occur at home; to look after sick folk, and to keep her head in emergencies.

To be natural and unaffected.

To read good books, and read them thoroughly; to cultivate the art of listening; to write a good business letter, and be able to sustain a conversation on every day topics.

That a stitch in time saves nine.

That personality is worth more than beauty or wealth; that a happy face is always equal to a pretty one, and that she needs both her head and her heart, and must never be all one nor all the other.

To do her best and leave the rest.

To cultivate a habit of prompt decision—it is very refreshing to meet a girl who can say at once whether she would like this or that—and to make up her mind what she is going to do, do it, and finish it.

Not to get into the habit of fault-finding.

To shop sensibly. She must learn not to buy a thing she doesn't want because it is cheap; to buy good clothes rather than pretty ones; to value quality before quantity; and to have the money for everything before she buys it.

To love home—and to make home lovely.

To make and mend her own clothes and trim her own hats; to keep up the accomplishments she learned at school; and to take plenty of exercise.

To value time.

To understand housekeeping in the widest sense of the word; to learn plain cookery first and fancy dishes after; to understand and appreciate domestic economy, and to receive callers hospitably and gracefully.

To have an object in life.

To keep all appointments punctually; to have an hour for rising, and rise; to keep a strict account of all her expenses, household and personal, and to keep her temper always under control.

To learn all she can about everything.

To be loyal to her friends and her family; to be always ready to help her brothers and sisters in their troubles; and never to let a day pass without doing something to make somebody happy.—'Weekly Wisconsin.'

## Household Hints.

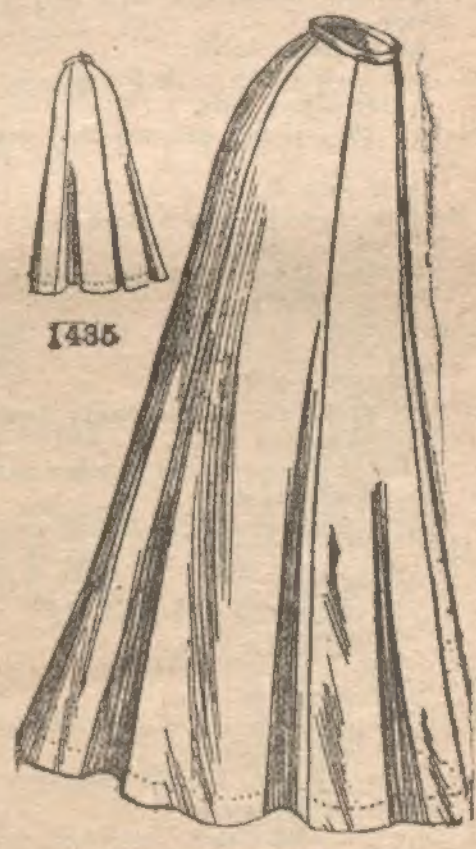
CHINESE WASHING FLUID.—We recommend to the notice of housekeepers the following formula for making the above washing fluid, which will save labor, time, trouble, and the clothes as well: One can lye, half ounce muriate of ammonia, half ounce salts of tartar, one ounce sulphate of soda. Dissolve in three gallons of water. For an ordinary washing use one teacupful of the solution to each tub of water, and soak the clothes therein overnight, and next morning they will come out clean and beautiful without much rubbing.—Exchange.

FOR SOFTENING HARD WATER.—Fill a coal-oil or vinegar barrel with water, and add three or four teaspoonfuls of lye. Correct way is to prepare the water the day before washing day. By the use of this method it is always possible to have nice soft water that will not injure the finest goods, or do any damage to the hands. The Chinese washing fluid can be used in this water without risk of doing any damage.

TO SWEETEN MILK OR CREAM.—Milk or cream that is only very slightly sour may be sweetened by adding as much carbonate of soda as will lie flat on a five-cent-piece and half a teaspoonful of sugar to a pint, and then scalding. Stir often during the scalding process.

# 'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

### FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.




NO 1435.—FIVE-GORE SKIRT.

If one has a well cut five-gored skirt, she has a shape that will answer for a great variety of styles. Our pattern is cut in newest form, close at the sides, but with ample fulness at the foot and in the back, which is laid in an inverted plait. Trimmings may be arranged as a border, in panels, or to simulate a tunic. The pattern, No. 1435, is in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and 6 yards of 27-inch wide material will be required for a medium size.

NO. 1011.—CHILD'S NORFOLK SUIT.

To give a child who is straight up and down some style without fussiness is the great aim of mothers who are on the lookout for new ideas. This model gives the desired width at the shoulders and is full enough to flare prettily at the knees. It is of grey linen, with a bias band of red and white striped percale for trimming and a red silk tie and emblem. The pattern, 1011, is made in 4, 6, 8, and 10 year sizes, and 4 3-4 yards of 27-inch material will be required for a six-year size.

Give name of pattern as well as number, or cut out illustration and send with TEN CENTS. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

## Lost Names.

Those women which labored with me in the Gospel, and other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life.—Phil. iv., 3.

They lived, and they were useful; this
And naught besides;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work, and then they passed away,
An unknown band,
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.
And were they young, or were they growing old,
Or ill or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,
No one can tell;
Only one thing is known of them,—they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer
To serve and do.
But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God.
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be
Helper, or friend,
And in the joy of this their ministry
Be spent and spend.
No glory clusters round their names on earth;
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please
Although unknown:
And there lost names shine forth in brightest rays,
Before the throne.
O, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be.
And if within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God redound
For all His Grace!

—Selected.

## Gathered Flowers.

The death of a little child leaves a vacancy, an aching sense of loss in a household that is quite apart from and in contrast with the sorrow that follows the death of one who has lived a long life and is gathered to his fathers. So many possibilities are bound up in the very thought of childhood. When the mother loses her infant she loses far more than the happiness of the present moment, more than the little head pillowed against her breast, more than any one but a mother can weigh. All the sweet days that were coming, the music of the first broken speech, the joyous patter of little feet, the school days, the hopes for the future are laid away in little graves that make only a short bed beneath the daisies.

When death comes suddenly to a child, as it sometimes comes, the silence that falls on the home, the arrest of movement and the hush of childish appeal, are for the time appalling. How are fathers and mothers to go on living when they have laid their darling out of their sight under the sod?

If we recognized the right of the Lord to the little ones He loves, His right to take them early from earthly guardianship to a heavenly inheritance, His right to lift them gently into the realm of endless joy and beauty, we can but accept His will, even here as best.

The little ones who stay must inevitably endure pain, illness, disappointment and trial, for this is the common lot. The little ones who go have fought their last battle, suffered their last pang and forever are safe in the presence of the Lord. In the home to which they have gone they will grow in grace and beauty, and a day will come when the parents shall find them again, when the broken circle shall be reunited, and there shall be unspeakable gladness and the deepest content.

'Who plucked this flower?' said the gardener. The answer was, 'The Master.' And the gardener held his peace.

If the Master in the fullness of His love shall gather a flower from one of our earthly gardens, what else can we do but hold our peace? Although it may seem in the anguish of bereavement that there can be no agony so terrible and no desolation so dark, observation and experience alike prove that there is more consolation in the death of a little child than there is ever granted to those who bend beneath the crushing weight of a living grief. Children of exquisite beauty and wonderful promise have grown up and wandered far from the safety and purity of the early home. As between pressing a kiss on the cold brow of a little sleeper and putting away the little toys and the little clothes that shall be needed no more, and beholding a child of love and prayer staining his manhood with sin and falling into consequent degradation, there is absolutely no comparison. Parents who have wildly rebelled and stormed the gates of heaven with prayer for the recovery of a child from illness have lived to regret that the lad had not been taken in childhood from the evil to come. For any of us, in whatever stress of trial we are, there is but one path of wisdom, the path of resignation to the Divine Will. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord,' said the ancient patriarch in the hour of his calamity. There is nothing more modern than the Book of Job. It answers over the ages to the heart's cry of those who yesterday dropped their tears beside the latest vacant chair. Let no one lament, hopelessly, the loss of a little child. The child has but gone to the upland pastures where the Good Shepherd takes the tenderest care of His little flock.—Aunt Marjorie, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.'

## What the Girls Should Know.

At a social gathering some one proposed this question: What shall I teach my daughter? The following replies were handed in:

Teach her that 100 cents make $1.

Teach her to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to say 'No,' and mean it, or 'Yes,' and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress, and wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teacher her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule, 'A place for everything and everything in its place.'

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truism: That the more she lives within her income the more she will save and the further she will get away from the poorhouse.

Teach her that a good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk or teacher, without a cent, is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books and periodicals as will give the most useful and practical information in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as later home and school life.—American Paper.

## Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.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Money Refunded if Goods are not Satisfactory.

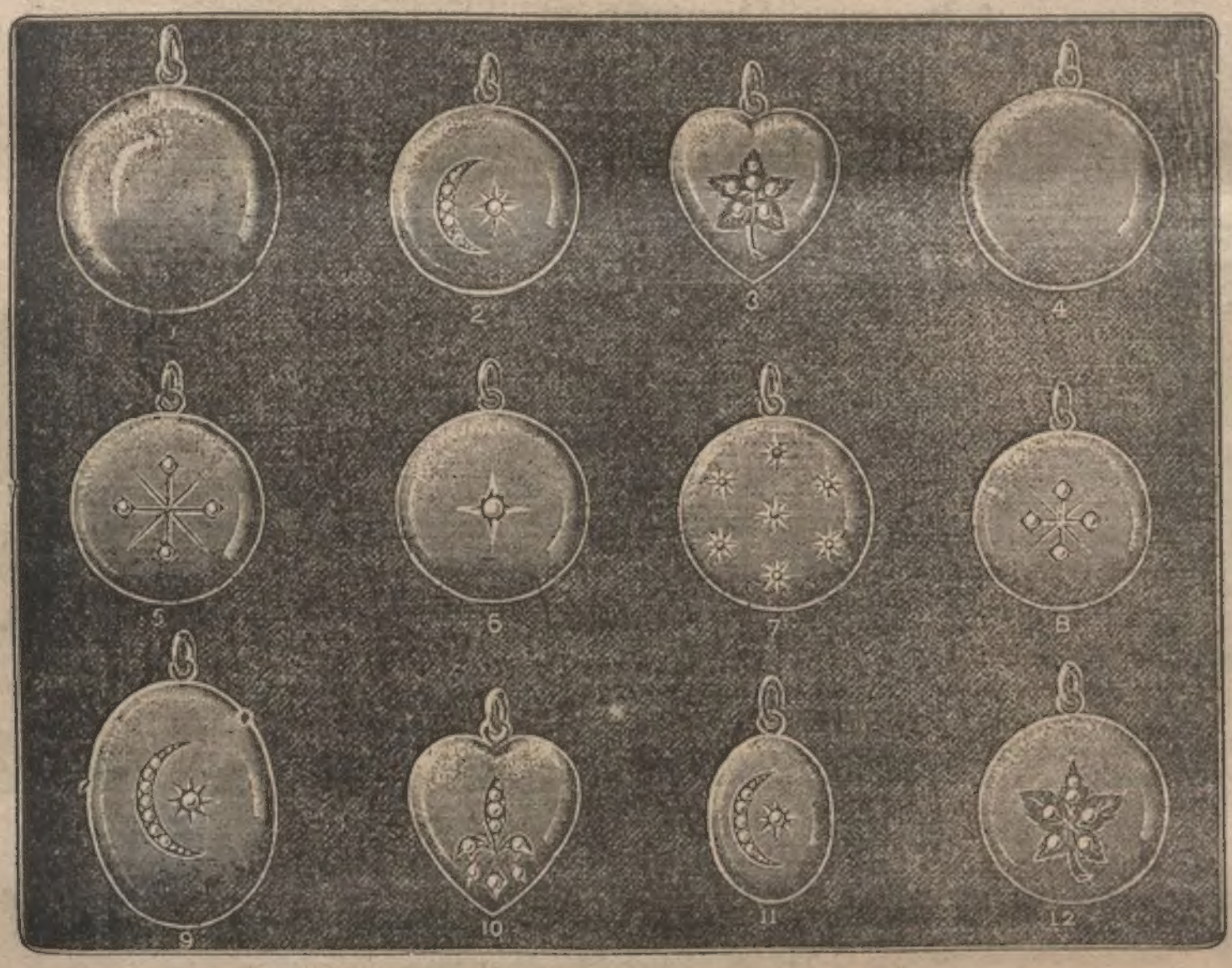
## Boys' AND Girls' School Stockings

**23c, 3 PAIRS 65c.**

Boys' and Girls' 2/1 Ribbed Black Cotton Stockings, good weight, double knee, heel and toe, extra length. A splendid wearing stocking. Sizes 6 to 10. Special **23c, 3 PAIRS** - - - - **65c**

## $1.50 LONG SILK GLOVES, 95c

Women's fine imported long Silk Gloves, 16-button length "above the elbow," extra quality silk, double tipped fingers, opening at wrist. Sizes 5½ to 8. Black and white. Regular $1.50 pair - - - - **95c**




## $2.00 Lockets for 98c Each

1,000 14k Gold-filled Lockets, plain and pearl set, guaranteed ten years' wear, room for two pictures inside. Your choice of these $1.50 to $2.00 Lockets for - - **98c**

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